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FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Whence came they first? On what fair morn,
The barren places of earth to adorn,
Did their beauty burst, was their fragrance born?
Oh, earth accursed, of its curse was shorn
When the flowers came—
The lily white and the rose aflame,
And all the glorious host, known by whatever name.

Did Nature find, in her idle hours
If Nature ever knew idleness),
A rare, sweet task in making the flowers
The earth to deck and man to bless?
Or are they the tangible, outward expression
Of things beyond and apart from earth—
The soul to the eye thus making concession
Through flowers that clasp the world in a girth;
Truth and purity finding expression
In the simple flowers that gladden earth?
Ah, sweet would be the rose's confession
Could it tell us God's reason for its birth!
We know, at least, that in realms enchanted
Ages ago the flowers bloomed;
Ages ago, by good angels planted,
The air of Eden their breath perfumed.
They were sky and sun, cheek, lip and flame;
They were sweet, they were strange, they were wild,
they were tame;
But roses are roses ever the same,
And, though bearing many a quaint, old name,
In common one charm all flowers had—
To comfort the weary and soothe the sad.

Now, after the centuries rolled away,
That charm is theirs as of old to-day.
Who has not marked some magic hour
By a faded rose that still has power
The hidden depths of the soul to sway?
Its musty odor brings back again
The old, old pleasure, the old, old pain.
A graven letter is such a flower
On the vellum or velvet leaf of life,
And nothing on earth shall have the power
To cut it out except Death's knife.

Roses are roses ever the same,
So little it matters if known by what name
We do not tire to call them over,
Maiden lily or matron rose,
Nor shall the humblest one that grows
Fall or sunshine or of lover.
To me the common flowers are best
That have no Latin name—
The flowers that are not overdressed
Like women, whose hot lips have pressed
Too many lips to hide their shame.
I love the cowslip's gold that lies
Like light in the swamp, and dear I prize
The violet, modest, dainty, true,
With hint of heaven in its blue;
Even the sunflower, rightly seen
In his yellow grandeur leonine,
Is fit for the canopy of a queen!

Roses are roses ever the same,
But these will fade, and others will bloom;
Time will quench their red heart's flame,
Unknown they will die, as unknown they came,
And their soul will go out in its own perfume.
This is the saddest thought of all—
That the flowers must die, their bright leaves fall,
And only a withered stem remain,
Like blighted hopes that have blossomed in vain.

Yet not in vain have bloomed these flowers
Which loving hands have placed to-day
In the sick man's room. They brighten the hours
Of weary pain, and drive away
The gaunt, grim spectres of Death and Decay.
No, not in vain—for who shall deny
That these sweet ministers are not come
To teach how pleasant it is to die?
Their soul breathes out, though their lips be dumb,
And the lily white and the rose blood-red
Die in the fragrance which they shed!

THE PARISIAN SENSATION!

THE BLONDE SIREN:

A LIFE DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

Translated from the original in "Le Figaro" of Paris
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL [illegible]

[illegible] Black Band," "The Prize of [illegible]" "The [illegible]
[illegible] the Arena," "The [illegible]
closely [illegible] with

THE COUNTESS OF NANCEY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AT HOMBOURG.

"Monsieur satisfied with me?" [illegible]
"Monsieur, instead of prosecuting his nar[illegible]
Monsieur finds that I have promptly [illegible]
attended to things?"
"A hundred times, yes!" exclaimed [illegible]
"Here are your thousand francs—they [illegible]
all earned. But hasten! I am dying with [illegible]
"Be [illegible], sir," replied the young German, [illegible]
the bill and resuming his narration. [illegible]
In fact, very little baggage—[illegible]
merely nothing—only a dressing-[illegible]
summoned to the hotel all the [illegible]
dressers, French dressmakers, to be [illegible]
sure, and likewise a trunkmaker, but [illegible]
Parisian. The lady made large pur[illegible]
spent a deal of money. Hence she [illegible]
went out like a real bride—yes, sir."
"Oh!" murmured the Count.
"Nothing more, sir."
"All right—what should you know? [illegible]
come there."
"Yes."
"Since where you gleaned this in[illegible]
the hotel where these travelers put [illegible]
"Quick!"
"Gentleman and lady have gone. This [illegible]
seven o'clock, the hotel-omnibus took [illegible]
to the railroad-depot—with real baggage [illegible]
"Gone!" exclaimed Paul, twisting his hands [illegible]
in a veritable fit of rage. "Thus they have [illegible]
escaped again. Gone!" he repeated, "and [illegible]
I don't know, sir. Thinking that this detail might [illegible]
interest monsieur, I went as far as the railway-[illegible]
depot. I have a friend employed there. I made [illegible]
him speak. The dark gentleman and blonde [illegible]
lady took a coupe for themselves all alone. [illegible]
They went to Hombourg, near Frankfort. You [illegible]
know it well, sir—where they gamble. Ah! it [illegible]
is a well-known place—and pretty, too, sir—[illegible]
and they pay through the nose, as they say at [illegible]
Paris."
Gregory takes Blanche to Hombourg, a city [illegible]
of pleasure and of gaming? Then he has no in[illegible]
tention of rapidly crossing Germany, and of [illegible]
putting boundless space between him and the [illegible]
husband whose wife he has stolen."
De Nancey said this to himself, and felt al[illegible]
most consoled through absolute certainty of the [illegible]
fugitives being unable to escape him much [illegible]
longer. This comparative calmness did not, [illegible]
however, admit of procrastinating vengeance by [illegible]
a single day. How many unforeseen incidents [illegible]
can transpire within a single day!
"Within what time can I start?" asked the [illegible]
Count.
"Monsieur will rest here to-night?" haz[illegible]
arded the waiter. "It will do him good; for [illegible]
truly he does not look overwell."
Paul made a demonstration of impatience.
"Monsieur desires to go to Hombourg?" re[illegible]
sumed the obsequious Teuton, from whom the [illegible]
Count's gesture took all desire for insistance.
"Yes—to Hombourg."
"I will run to consult the indicator, so that [illegible]
you will know precisely and return *illico*, as [illegible]
they say at Paris."
The waiter reappeared almost immediately.
"A train will leave in forty minutes," was the [illegible]
servant's information, "and if monsieur will be [illegible]
ready ——"
"I am ready. My bill and a carriage—quick!"
"The hotel-omnibus will take monsieur to the [illegible]
depot. *Banhoff*, as they say in German."
The physical phenomenon of inevitable sleep, [illegible]
resulting from fatigue overpowering determination, [illegible]
was reproduced almost upon entering the [illegible]
railway-carriage. Scarcely had De Nancey drop[illegible]
ped into a corner-seat than he fell into a slum[illegible]
ber, broken only upon the arrival of the train at [illegible]
Frankfort.
The short run from Frankfort to Hombourg [illegible]
was accomplished in an hour and a half. It [illegible]
was past midnight when the Count arrived at [illegible]
one of the large hotels fronting the Cursaal. No [illegible]
longer was heard the metallic ring of golden coin [illegible]
shaken by the croupier's rake, nor the strains [illegible]
of an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.
"Will the gentleman sup?" inquired the waiter, [illegible]
lighting the candles in Paul's chamber. He [illegible]
shook his head as a negative. "Does the gen[illegible]
tleman desire a visit from the physician of our [illegible]
establishment?"
"Why ask such a question?"
"Because the gentleman appears ill."
"Fatigued, that's all."
"I will cause the gentleman's trunks to be [illegible]
brought to his room, and he can go to bed."
And the waiter went out. Paul, standing be[illegible]
fore the chimney-piece, mechanically glanced [illegible]
at his image, illuminated by the candle-flames. [illegible]
He was affrighted. His face was no longer that [illegible]
of a living being, but of a ghost. His beard, un[illegible]
shaven for three days, browned the contour of [illegible]
his cheeks. A terrible paleness pervaded the [illegible]
rest of his face. A dark furrow crossed his [illegible]
forehead. The fire of his eyes seemed extinct. His lips were white. The most expert physiognomist could not have determined a man's age behind this sinister mask. Marguerite had been fully avenged!

The waiter returned, accompanied by a porter, carrying Paul's valise, pistol-case and swords in their leathern covering.

"The gentleman was fortunate in arriving to-night," he said; "a little later and he would have found no lodging, especially at this hotel, the best in town. This season is oversuccessful. Strangers are flowing in, all of the highest distinction. We send to-morrow to the *Gazette du Hombourg* a brilliant list, in which the gentleman would, doubtless, like to see his name. I may mention, among other notabilities, a remarkable Russian couple, only installed in this hotel a few hours. The lady can pass as a miracle of beauty. The husband went to the Cursaal immediately upon landing from the cars, and made his debut through winning one hundred thousand francs! Everybody is talking about him to-night. Ah! wonderful player!—a player the like of whom has never been seen among us since the famous Garcia, of whom the gentleman has certainly heard mention."

A sort of nervous shudder ran over Paul's lips and hands.

"What is the name of this Russian gambler?" he inquired, his voice tempered by emotion.

"Count Ladanoff," answered the waiter. "I myself inscribed his name upon our books from his passport. He comes from Paris with the Countess;—but, sir, what has happened? You are ill?"

"Not at all. I repeat, fatigue."

"I retire to let the gentleman sleep."

"One moment. The Count Ladanoff inhabits this hotel?"

"Yes, sir—on the same floor with the gentleman—room No. 21, at end of corridor. May I inform his highness to-morrow that a person of his acquaintance arrived to-night?"

"In nowise. I do not know the Count."

"The gentleman would be pleased, I think, to have me take charge of his passport?"

"Yes: to-morrow. Go!"

"I have the honor of wishing the gentleman good-night."

The waiter retired.

That taking place within Paul's brain upon being left alone is assuredly more easily to be imagined than described. Blanche Lizely, Countess of Nancey, his wife—she whom he had loved to frenzy, and even to crime—she whom he still loved cravenly, even to madness, was near unto him, in the arms of a lover. To enjoy the pungent gratification of summary vengeance, what prevented? The length of a corridor, the bursting-in of a door whose number he knew; then to enter, heart firm, hand ready, and to execute justice. In fine, to re-enact the drama of the Place Vintimille.

De Nancey took his revolver in his right hand, opened the door, seized a light with his left hand, and darted into the corridor. He did not proceed far. A sudden reflection abruptly stopped him.

"No," soliloquized he, returning slowly, with downcast head. "To slay him in this manner would be a mean revenge. He would die before suffering! I will hold this man at the point of my sword—hew his trembling flesh, cleave his palpitating heart, see his life ooze out with his blood, drop by drop. He shall know himself upon the brink of death, and I will insult him in the intensity of his agony!"

Then Paul lowered his voice to an inaudible [illegible]

"Blanche is guilty—is infamous; still I wish [illegible] her not to die. Whence can I [illegible] summon courage to strike her adored body, to extinguish those divine eyes? I slew Margaret without pity, but Blanche [illegible] I cannot. Alas! I feel it too well.

"Everything is possible save that—yes, everything, even forgiveness. Who knows? A generous pardon may bring her back."

De Nancey re-entered his room, closed his door, and passed the remainder of the night a prey to agitation in a feverish, almost delirious condition. Daylight appeared. Paul had resumed calmness, proportionately as approached the time for action. He looked at himself in the glass, as he had a few moments subsequently to his arrival, and found himself hideous.

"I am frightful!" he said to himself. "A gentleman cannot go on the ground with this bandit-appearance! Whether I kill or am killed, I shall be a gentleman to the last. Moreover, should *she* see me thus, I will horrify her."

De Nancey rang his bell. He commanded the hotel-barber, caused himself to be shaved, opened his valise, and dressed himself in a costume he ordinarily wore at Paris for his early morning rides. His pains and this toilet could not evidently change his livid pallor, his sunken eyes or his blanched lips; nevertheless, they operated a considerable transformation. Did he preserve the countenance of a moribund, it was that of a dying gentleman.

It struck ten in the forenoon. Paul pulled on his gloves, emerged from his room, and with a firm step moved towards the extremity of the corridor.

CHAPTER XXX.—HUSBAND AND LOVER.

At the moment of De Nancey's halt in front of the door lettered No. 21 his heart beat with tumultuous throbs. Curious noises resounded in his ears, and fantastic lights danced before his eyes. He was about to knock, when he perceived the key in the lock on the outside. He opened, and found himself in an antechamber conducting to two other rooms composing the suite—a parlor on the right, a sleeping-chamber on the left. Paul hesitated between the two doors in uncertainty, when the sound of a piano determined him to advance, and to place his hand upon the knob of the right-hand door.

"Who is there?" asked from the inside Gregory's voice.

Monsieur De Nancey did not understand this question in the German tongue, the Wallachian imagining the visitor to be a hotel-waiter; but he divined its meaning, and replied, while opening the door abruptly:

"Pardeau! it is I! You did not expect me?"

At the instant when the Count, as terrible as Banquo's ghost, appeared upon the threshold of this commonplace parlor, the wife, wrapped in a morning-gown, her magnificent head of hair floating over her shoulders, was playing on the piano.

Gregory was writing, seated at a little table, upon which could be seen, amid papers in disorder, a brace of ebony-handled pistols. The Prince and the Countess simultaneously turned their heads, and, recognizing De Nancey, comprehended that some terrible deed was about to be enacted. The Wallachian arose, paler than customary. Blanche remembered the tragedy of the Place Vintimille.

"He will kill us," thought she, and, obedient to that instinct of heroism so often impregnating female hearts, she threw herself in front of Gregory, desiring to make a buckler of her body, as Marguerite had vainly endeavored to save Rene.

"Madame, be not afraid!" said the Count, with a strange laugh, fearful to hear. "You plainly see that my hands are empty."

The first moment of amazement passed, Gregory assumed a bold demeanor.

"I pray you, Blanche, stand aside," quoth he, gently repelling the Countess. "This is a serious business, to be settled among men."

Then in a more elevated voice he addressed Paul:

"I understand what you expect of me, sir."

"You understand, sir?" said the Count, with the self-same ominous chuckle. "That is indeed fortunate."

"I need not add that I am at your orders," continued the Wallachian.

"I count upon it thoroughly," said De Nancey in a deep tone, while walking to Gregory. "Still, all your blood will not suffice to wash out the stain you have placed upon my honor, and I desire, before killing you, to return insult for insult."

Pronouncing these words, Paul raised his right hand, and with lightning rapidity smote the Wallachian upon both cheeks. Blanche uttered a cry of horror, and Gregory one of rage. He bounded to the little table at which he had been writing, took a pistol, cocked it, and pointed the barrel towards De Nancey. The latter had drawn a revolver, and already aimed it at the Prince's breast.

"Ah! as you will!" quoth he. "Kill each other immediately—here even. I consent willingly. It would prove a rich treat for madame, and would doubtless please her."

Gregory wished to kill, but not to be killed. Did he fire, the Count would at least make a return—an uncertain business, did he not fall stone-dead. Balls discharged pointblank rarely spare, and Gregory felt himself lost. This incontrovertible logic calmed suddenly the Prince's fury. He allowed his pistol to fall upon the table whence he had taken it, and the Count, at the same time, caused his revolver to disappear.

Expert in advantages, Gregory already congratulated himself upon the blows he had received, as they placed—as he at least imagined—another trump-card in his hand.

"You have changed the situation, Count," he said in a husky, hissing tone of voice. "I now am the insulted party, and have choice of arms."

"It is indifferent to me."

"I select swords."

"Be it so. Have you yours?"

"No."

"I have mine—do you accept them?"

"I do. When do we fight?"

"In an hour."

"It is well," quoth Gregory, "and I trust to chance for my seconds. Oh, the first-comers, and I am with you."

"Of what use seconds?" sharply returned the Count. "Are we in that normal condition wherein conventionalities assume the force of law? The combat will be mortal—at least for one. That is all that is wanted. Who will put himself out of the way to-morrow when finding the corpse of an unknown man? No one here knows my name, and you do not bear your own. Should justice in this country prove sensitive and endeavor to prosecute, whom will it pursue? The murderer will by that time be afar. No, no, no seconds. Do you consent?"

"Willingly."

"It only remains to designate the field."

"Select it yourself."

"I am at Hombourg for the first time, and am unacquainted."

"The suburbs of the town are familiar to me. I can instruct you."

"Then do so."

"I know, a quarter of a league hence, of a small wood, little frequented by pedestrians. Within the wood exists a clearing convenient for a hostile meeting. I have already fought there. We will not be disturbed, and I doubt if a better spot can be found."

"Designate the way, then."

The directions were most simple. Gregory traced upon a sheet of letter-paper a sort of map, by means of which De Nancey could not go astray.

"It is well," said the Count upon leaving. "In an hour I expect you at the border of the wood."

"I will not keep you waiting," replied the Wallachian.

Blanche, her countenance more pale than that of a statue, had listened, mute and motionless, to the extraordinary interview. She approached her lover as soon as the door closed upon Paul, leaned both her hands upon his shoulders, and, fixing her beaming eyes fully upon those of Gregory, said, in a singular tone, in no wise resembling her habitual voice:

"You will kill that man, will you not?"

"Yes," coolly replied the Wallachian, touching with his finger the cheeks on which the Count's hand had left a scarlet impression. "Yes, I will kill him!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Pardieu!"

"Are those pistols charged?"

"Yes. Why ask the question?"

"Should misfortune happen you, and that man remain alive, I will do that which you left undone. I will take care of that."

And Blanche, taking one of the weapons, slipped it beneath the folds of her dressing-gown.

"Ah! you are a true woman of a savage land, my dearest Blanche!" responded the Prince with a smile—"a woman courageous in love, deadly in hate! But the Count will not have the honor of dying by your delicate hand. By me will his blood be shed."

"Who can say?" murmured the Countess, shaking her blonde locks, while an ominous light flashed from her eyes.

De Nancey, returned to his room, felt with terror that his physical force did not correspond to the requirements of his manly determination, and that his frame, so thoroughly overtasked for the past few days, was about to betray him at the very moment when the fullness of his strength scarcely sufficed him to combat victoriously an adversary of Gregory's metal. The Count could not think at that point of employing solid nutriments, repulsive to a contracted stomach. He resolved upon gaining a fictitious strength through a resort to stimulating spirits, and ordered to be served with a bottle of rum. After having drained in succession two or three glasses of its contents, he felt himself singularly reanimated, and, taking with him his rapiers and small-swords in their leathern case, he quitted the hotel, gazed around him, left the town, and directed his footsteps towards the little wood wherein the hostile meeting was to occur.

The morning was splendid. The sun, at intervals veiled by vapory clouds, inundated with light the environs of the Gamester's Paradise. The stimulating odor of new-mown grass pervaded the atmosphere, beneath the influence of which heavy-framed Fritz unplatonically clasped the buxom waist of Gretchen with the straw-colored hair. Here and there more refined couples, still no less in love, passed slowly, hand in hand, beneath the shade of covered walks. Paul observed all of these things, and soliloquized:

"Thus it is true! Beneath this magnificent sky, amid these balmy fields, there are men loving and beloved, who love and are not betrayed, who love and are not abandoned! Happy are they, thrice happy!"

The infatuated man had forgotten Marguerite, chaste virgin, loving wife, betrayed by him, abandoned by him, slain by him! He remembered not that into his hands had been committed happiness, the most perfect by Heaven's bounty accorded to mortal being, and that he had voluntarily flung it away. The man was a blind idiot! He invoked by his acts the descent of thunder, and when came the bolt, crushing him, he bewailed his sad fate!

Paul reached the edge of the little wood.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE SWORD-THRUST.

Paul's astonishment was great upon perceiving Gregory, who had been the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous, in waiting for him, seated upon a mound of grass, beneath a tree more than two centuries in age. He looked at his watch.

"Ah! you are not behind time, Count," said the Wallachian, arising. "I have walked faster and followed a more direct route. You perceive the spot to be charming. We will turn to the left, to be a trifle distant from that country residence perceptible through the trees, and thus gain the clearing of which I made mention."

"Is the clearing far from here?" asked De Nancey.

"Scarcely five hundred paces."

"Five hundred paces are a great deal," muttered Paul, upon whom the temporary excitement produced through alcohol lessened in effect, and his fictitious strength consequently diminished. "I experience some fatigue, and we can fight here, should it please you."

"In this cross-cut?" exclaimed Gregory.

"Why not? The spot appears to me excellent."

"But it is a passage-way."

"You perceive no one is passing."

"They can come unexpectedly."

"What matter, if they come not? Our combat, moreover, will be short."

"Be it so," said the Prince, taking off his coat and vest.

Paul followed this example, produced the swords from their case, seized them by the points, and presented the hilts to Gregory, saying:

"Choose. And in the first instance assure yourself, I beg, of their being of equal length."

The Wallachian took one of the weapons at chance, with a gesture of indifference.

"Choose likewise your place," continued De Nancey.

"There is no choice," replied Gregory; "both are alike. The ground is good throughout, and the foliage conceals the sun. I remain where I am."

"Upon your guard, then!"

The two men were upon the point of crossing blades when Paul's attention was diverted by an unexpected apparition, none the less singular in such a place and at such a moment. The Count saw a female figure of incomparable grace displaying itself among the trees at some paces from the spot where he stood. He fixed a glance upon that form, and recognized Blanche.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Count, with intense bitterness, "our duel must, then, have a witness. Were you aware of it, sir?"

"I was aware of it," replied Gregory.

"And, doubtless, approved of it?"

"Whether I approved or not, I could not prevent it."

"You desired to come here, madame," said the Count, addressing the woman bearing his name, "and you have come to witness a death-struggle between your lover and your husband! You have come to gloat your eyes upon blood-spilling of which you are the cause!"

"I have desired to come," replied Blanche, "and I have come to see you, die."

"Harlot!" exclaimed Paul, carried away by wrath.

"Gregory, you hear him; he insults me! Break the only obstacle separating us—kill that man!"

"Harlot!" repeated the Count.

"I love thee, Gregory! I love thee, and hate that man! Kill him."

Fury revived Paul's strength. He plied his steel with an impetuosity of which a few minutes before he appeared incapable, and the Wallachian, not without astonishment, recognized that he was confronted by an antagonist he little anticipated. Without being what is called a "blade" of the first-class, one of those swordsmen known and classified as such in *salles d'armes*, De Nancey greatly excelled a majority of second-rate fencers. Still, what imported that to Gregory, whose skill as a bravo knew no rival? Resolved to leave nothing to chance, and to strike only a sure blow, the Wallachian laid his plan. It was simply never to uncover himself, and to fatigue the Count through parrying his thrusts, without making an assault. To fatigue the Count! Alas! too easy work.

A few moments had scarcely elapsed after commencement of the combat before De Nancey materially weakened beneath the sword of his adversary, and the glare—the implacable glare—of Blanche weighing him down in intensity of hate. Soon the muscles of his sword-arm relaxed; his hand no longer obeyed his will; his ears resounded with singular noises, and before his eyes danced those sparkling scintillations, as in the morning, when preparing himself to open Gregory's chamber-door.

The moment awaited by the Wallachian arrived. Nothing longer prevented his bestowing upon the duel the stamp of assassination. He did so. The secret thrust, so laboriously communicated to Cleveland, came into play. The deployed arm of Gregory, firm and supple as a steel spring, suddenly straightened. The sword-point struck Paul full in the breast, and emerged on the other side of his body above the shoulder. The Count dropped his weapon without the emission of a groan, tottered and fell upon his back, his eyes open and his arms crossed.

The Wallachian placed his hand upon the breast of the inanimate body, and, turning to Blanche, said:

"Countess, you are a widow!"

The woman descended with a bound the grass-covered, slanting side of the hillock, upon which she had remained a breathless witness of a murder thus calmly planned and deliberately executed.

"Are you quite certain that he has ceased to live?" inquired she of her lover.

"Yes, most certain—the heart no longer beats. I know myself when I say it. You are free!"

"Free and avenged!" murmured the Countess, with an indescribable intonation. "And I owe this to you, Gregory. I shall not forget that."

The Prince resumed his garments with an easy leisureness, as if the most trivial incident imaginable had taken place. Upon finishing he resumed:

"It is very useless, it strikes me, that, when an unknown dead body is discovered, his name should be revealed. Your husband should have about him a passport, some visiting-cards, and other papers which I will do well to suppress."

While speaking, the Wallachian, having picked up the Count's coat, searched his pockets, and was not long in discovering a well-filled pocketbook, whence he extracted the bankbills, unseen by the Countess, with the dexterity of a professional prestidigitateur.

"Here is the passport," he continued, examining some papers, "and a rumpled sheet—three lines only—your handwriting, my dear." He read aloud: "'The Countess de Nancey has the honor of informing you of her departure with Prince Gregory S——.' So you apprised him—an original idea, very! Still I scarcely understand it."

"It is a reply to that!" replied Blanche, taking the letter, and showing to Gregory the three printed lines on the first page, the cause of so many sorrows. "And now," she added, tearing the fatal missive into fragments and scattering them to the winds, "are our accounts balanced, and the past no longer exists."

She returned to the corpse, and in turn leaned over it as Gregory had done. The terrible wound welled with blood, and the ground around was crimson. The Countess dipped her fingers into the flowing stream, and shook drops over the livid face of Paul, murmuring in a deep tone:

"You, who made of me what I am, be cursed even after death!"

She arose to her feet. A sombre flame illuminated her countenance.

"Let us go!" said she.

And, without casting a glance backwards, she resumed with Gregory the road to town.

An hour after this duel—if it be possible thus to call so disloyal a combat—the two accomplices, having paid their bill and packed their trunks, quitted Hombourg, to the great despair of the hotel-proprietor, who reckoned upon the marvelous beauty of the Countess Ladanoff, and the cavalier manner in which the Count raided the bank, to attract custom to his establishment as a living and double lure.

The warm hours of the day had passed away. The sun had descended to the horizon, and half buried his flaming disk amid an ocean of clouds glittering in purple and gold. No person had passed since morning through the cross-cut where lay Paul's inanimate body, his face turned heavenward, his eyes open and his arms crossed.

Words dropped by Gregory may have apprised our readers that, beyond the green verdure of a hedge of trees, could be seen, or rather imagined, the roofs of a country-seat and the inclosures of a vast garden. This house, very simple, still elegant in its simplicity, was composed of a main edifice of two stories, surrounded by bright emerald swards, interspersed with beds of scarlet-colored, fragrant flowers. In front of the habitation and extending to the cross-cut existed a wall pierced with two openings—one closed by a gate, the other by a small door. Behind this was a garden, or rather a small park, planted with trees well advanced in growth, and supplied with those thousand-and-one pleasantries to be found in the gardens of the wealthy villa-owners of the suburbs of Paris: grottos of artificial rocks, kiosks, model cottages, fountains and such like fantasies. The trees in the [illegible]

DAN SHELBY, MANAGER AND ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN.

FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE PAGE 156.

[illegible] of about fifty-five years of age, and taste, came out of the [illegible] and the uppermost [illegible] This lady, possessing [illegible] ing, but her regular features presenting [illegible] able expression of goodness and [illegible] lence. She had a sunshade in her hand [illegible] garden-bonnet upon her head. She turned towards the interior of the house, and while buttoning her gloves said in French, a little sharply, but by no means impatiently:

"Alice, my child, come, then. It is already late—dinner is near at hand—our promenade will be too short. Alice, my darling, hurry!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ACTOR'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Oh, when in Summer's burning prime
You look for him in Union square,
Intending to suggest 'tis time
He paid you back that borrowed dime
You lent him when his cash was spare,
He is not there.

You visit all his favorite haunts,
To which most oft he did repair;
You search through beery restaurants,
Accost his sisters, cousins, aunts,
Explore the arcades with care—
He is not there.

If to his boarding-house you go,
The mistress meets you with a stare.
You're looking for your friend? Just so—
And where he is she'd like to know;
Remarking, with an injured air,
He is not there.

You find some others who would fain
Discover how he went, and where;
His going caused his tailor pain,
And put one shirt to undue strain,
For the other he left in his washwoman's care,
And still 'tis there.

And yet no apprehensions need
Be had that he's vanished into air,
For here in the paper one may read
That Brown has gone, with all due speed,
To his country-seat in Delaware,
And he is there!

If Brown were rich, to yourself you say,
Or could borrow enough to pay his fare
To Coney Island or Rockaway,
'Twould be but natural not to stay
In the city's heat and dust and glare,
Though you are there;

But odd it is that a chap like Brown,
Whose only seat is a bench in the Square,
Who goes to seed whenever in town,
Should go, when the Summer's sun pours down,
To a country-seat in Delaware,
Or anywhere!

A DUAL LIFE.

A DEBUTANTE'S LEGACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Decidedly a success. There is a grace, a dash of spirit, about this fair young debutante I have never seen equaled since the days when Mrs. Rowbotham graced the Old Drury."

"Lout, mon, ye're a'tegather wrang. Dinna ye mind Lucy Walstein? I thocht yesternight she wor bock agin; tho', of course, there na chiel o' this day can houd a candle to ony o' old Bob Maywood's stock."

And then there were ten minutes in which Mlle. Lucette was lost sight of amid booming eulogies upon the wondrous company whose orbits permeated the dramatic firmament of which the great Scotch manager was the central light.

"*Merci*, gentleman, in which of the past centuries did this brilliant galaxy of talent appear? There seems to have been no nebulæ among them."

During the laugh which follows this sally, and the consequent explanation, let us briefly describe the interlocutors.

Messrs. Adams and Fleming were merchants, the one to the manor born, the other a scion of "Auld Reekie." Prolonged business intercourse and similarity of tastes had created a warm friendship between them. Stalwart in physique, they bore well the burden of three-score-and-five with which Time had thus far favored them, and their warm hearts bade sturdy defiance to the thoughts and cares of imbecile old age. On their way down to 'Change they had together dropped into the greenroom of the American to felicitate the manager upon the success of the previous night.

The third was a young Florentine exile, who was fast winning public favor as a lingual instructor.

"Pray, friend Richings," asked Mr. Adams, "where did you find that talented young lady who seconded Murdoch last night? It is a most difficult part for a novice, but she made it a splendid success."

"Mlle. Lucette?" responded the courteous manager. "Ah!—ahem! Miss Lucy Fitzgerald, daughter of the deceased Third-street shoe-dealer, who, as I learn, was a playgoer of the old school," with a sly smile and a bow to the two sexagenarians, "from whom she has doubtless inherited her remarkable aptitude for the stage, which she has further improved by a ready tact, aided by the excellent education he was able to afford her."

"I see. Widow in reduced circumstances—helpless little ones—noble daughter to the rescue, and all that sort of thing. Well, I predict a glorious career for her."

"Oh, no!" smiled the genial manager. "That gag is not played on these boards. The facts are that Caroline met her, one evening last Winter, at a schoolgirls' reunion or something of that sort, heard her read, and begged me to do likewise. Thinking it only a transient girlish fancy, I refused; but my daughter persisted, and, of course, triumphed. To say I was charmed is putting it very mild. During the recess we had several readings at my house, and I was astonished at Miss F.'s abilities. Alexina, as you know, is too ill to appear; Murdoch, who had heard Miss F., suggested her as a substitute; she consented, and you witnessed the result last night."

"And it was perfect. But there is, then, no poverty romance in this case?" persisted Mr. A.

"Well, no; unless you regard three thousand a year and a family of ten children in that light," replied the manager. "But here she comes."

A tall, well-formed, fair-featured lady of twenty gracefully returned the incomparable salute of the dignified manager, pleasantly recognized the ensuing introductions, and smiled gladly at the compliments bestowed, chatted gayly for a few moments, curtsied, and withdrew for the rehearsal. The gentlemen also went about their business.

The Italian was known to a rapidly widening circle as Professor Sylvani. Lucette had misunderstood the word, and called him Mr. Silver. He observed the error, and resolved to act upon it.

He was a man of liberal education, had read much, traveled some, and was a fluent and charming conversationalist. He had studied much, and possessed the art of bringing forth from a very retentive memory things both old and new, and adapting them to his existing surroundings. Something of a visionary, he dreamed of a dual life—a quiet, refined home, presided over by an accomplished wife; a scholarly, untrammeled tribune, wherein the plaudits of the learned would be worth infinitely more than all the utterances of affection. Lucette would glorify the one with her lovely presence for Philip Silver, a traveling salesman, the Bolmarian Institute would serve as the pedestal for Felipo Sylvani's coming greatness, and the season wore on, bringing ever fresh laurels to the peerless actress, increasing fame to the erudite Professor, and brief, delicious moments of joy, snatched, he said, from the short intervals of a busy life to the humble salesman, for Manager Cupid had entered the scene in opposition to the man at the American, and won, of course. Lucette loved with the ardor of a pure woman's first affection; Philip loved with a devotion which time hallowed to intensity. Old St. Mary's, one bright August morning, witnessed their nuptials. There was a brief honeymoon among the mountains, a short interval of happiness at the home he had selected for her, and then ——

The opening of the Fall trade sent Philip with his samples to the Far West. The commencement of the scholastic year sent Felipo, of whom Lucette knew nothing, back to his books and his classes.

It was a strange locality the young man had chosen in which to fix the abode of his lovely bride. A quiet avenue in the very heart of the commercial centre of the great city, in full view of the broad thoroughfares wherein the huge wheels of trade incessantly revolve, within sight and sound of that Babel of Mammon the Stock Exchange, and within two minutes' walk of the headquarters of that wondrous corporation which has linked the far-away Pacific to the Delaware in indissoluble bonds, and whose magnificent steam-fleets bear the products of a continent to the Eastern World.

Here for ten years dwelt the happy wife of Philip Silver. The actress had disappeared after her first and only season, and only lived in the memories of the few lovers of art who had at first appreciated her merit. A week or at most ten days, in each month was all the time the busy tradesman could devote to her society; but he crowned her life with rare felicity, and made her home bright and [illegible] Her with rich treasures from his own [illegible] [illegible] letters [illegible]

[illegible] city; but [illegible] dread, which [illegible] read this item? [illegible] of *all* the dailies purchased and their [illegible] gies of the dead man compared and pondered over during the long hours of the only miserable day she had experienced in all her wedded life? She could not explain it to herself; she had heard Fame speak of him in no uncertain tones, she had read some of his works with unbounded admiration, but personally he was unknown to her. Why, then, this bitterness over a dead stranger, illustrious as he might be?

The great city sent her noblest and best to do honor at the obsequies, and Lucette smiled through her tears as she beheld the grand public demonstration of respect paid to the deceased fellow-countryman of her husband. She went home feeling sad and desolate, and days lengthened into weeks with-out bringing Philip. But the month brought Lawyer Gustave and a college dignitary.

"Executors," he said, "of the late Professor Sylvani, who had bequeathed to Mrs. Philip Silver the sum of $5,000 in Government securities."

And the necessary documents were placed in the hands of the astonished woman. The directions therein were remarkably explicit.

"It is strange, gentlemen," said Lucette, "that the Professor should bequeath this money to an entire stranger. Apart from his reputation and the books I have read, I know nothing of him, and, to my knowledge, I have never seen him in my life."

"Pardon me, my dear madam," said the courtly Gustave; "I earnestly crave your pardon, but is it not remarkable that you should hang the portrait of an entire stranger in such close proximity to what is undeniably an exact copy of your own sweet face?"

"That, sir," exclaimed Lucette, rising with much emotion—"that, sir, is the likeness of my husband, Philip Silver, whose return home I am anxiously awaiting."

The two gentlemen conversed apart for a minute or two.

"My dear madam," said Gustave, "the resemblance is wonderfully striking, and we knew not your husband. Had that gentleman any artificial mark upon his person by which you could identify his body in case of need?"

"Yes; the letter 'G,' over the word 'Italia,' tattooed upon the skin on the left side, over the heart."

Young Italy would have stamped these upon the heart itself, could it have availed the Man of Capri.

There were other questions and other interviews; papers and letters were examined and compared; the worthy priest testified to having united the lady to his friend the Professor, and the parish registry of St. Mary's confirmed him. The name of Silver had been an honored one in the community since the days of Penn, but no mercantile firm employed a traveling salesman so called. Her Philip was never again heard of. Lucette understood why she had experienced such bitter grief over the death of the unknown Professor.

That gentleman had died worth a plum ($30,000), and after the necessary legal proceedings the Court directed the whole amount to be paid over to her who was now universally acknowledged as his widow.

And so ends the story of "THE DEBUTANTE'S LEGACY." IOTA.

Frankford, Phila., July, 1880.

A Sleeping Girl.

The latest "sleeping girl" has just turned up in the Royal Free Hospital, London, Eng., and this is the way they awoke her: The girl having assumed her passive position, a grain of tartar emetic was placed on the back of her tongue, upon which she very soon began to show signs of awaking, and, sitting up, endeavored to "assuage her trouble by draughts of lukewarm water, and later to solace them with a little brandy as well." When the effects of the first dose had subsided, she relapsed into her state of torpor, but in another twenty-four hours the same dose was repeated with exactly similar effects. "She was much disgusted with the process, but after another period of wakefulness she once more relapsed. A third dose was ordered, in her hearing, when she roused herself, and once for all refused to submit." The victory was now won; for, rather than subject herself to a continuance of the unwelcome cure, the girl got up and walked about the ward, and in fine, "with the terrors of the third dose before her mind, made such recovery that in the course of a very few days she packed up her boxes and started home." Nor were the effects of this treatment only temporary, for a visit to the girl's home afterwards convinced the doctor that his patient had been transformed as if by magic into a "robust, intelligent young woman," useful to herself and those around her.

ONE of the greatest mysteries of nature is the hole in the heel of a stocking. How it gets there no one knows; the need of it no one sees; the philosophy of it no one can explain; the logic is "Darn it."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

A.—B loses because of his acknowledgment that A's deuces beat him. He shut his own hand out upon the condition that A showed deuces. He made two mistakes—the first was in doubting A's word by fancying that he held three deuces when he said he held only a pair, and the second consisted in saying anything at all about A's hand. The proper way to play poker after a call is to show cards, and not talk about what is held. A man can say that he holds but deuces when he holds aces, and can say that he holds but deuces when he holds kings, and can win by showing aces, because there is a special rule permitting him to miscall his own hand; but there is no rule that permits a player to say in one breath that his opponent's hand is good, and in the next that it is not good.

P. MCN., Philadelphia.—See answer to "R. H. K., Camden," in last week's paper. That answer seems to have been dictated this question, which we give in full: "M bets G dictated this question, which we give in full: "M bets G that a man born in the district of Columbia, not claiming any State as residence, cannot vote for the President of the United States." Such a man cannot vote for the President of the United States, whether he claims any other State as a residence or not; and he could not so vote even in Pennsylvania were he, for example, born in Pennsylvania and a resident of Pennsylvania. Nobody can vote for a candidate for the office of President of the United States. The best he can do is to vote for Presidential Electors.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We should have to consult the files of New York papers day after day, as "after the Poland investigation" covers many years. We have no paine to do that. No doubt one of those visitors has read of late that both those men have so stated, and possibly he has seen all the letters addressed to that effect. We may have seen the same of late, but that would not justify us in deciding the bet. The statements may be false, and the extracts either garbled or wholly manufactured. The papers named should be ransacked, and it is as obligatory upon one bettor as upon the other to make the search. The files can probably be found at the Astor Library.

M. A., Bowmanville.—1. B loses. If he meant that it did not weigh exactly 150lb. or that it weighed more than that, he was required to say so. What he really bet was that, he was required to say so. What he really bet was that it did not weigh as much as that. 2. You are reasonably sure to get an answer. When the record is beaten after THE CLIPPER'S columns from week to week will chronicle the performances of that record. 3. E. E. Myers' performances. 3. He has copies of that work. 4. E. E. Myers' portrait is not in it. 4. Perkins' one-mile time is the fastest on record.

I. L. S., Denver.—1. The Constitution provides that Senators, Congressmen, and all executive and judicial officers of both the United States or any individual State shall be bound to support the Constitution of the United States, but that this binding may be done either by oath or upon affirmation. It also provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States. 2. Ingersoll could make an affirmation, instead of taking an oath.

D. J. F.—Ed. Hanlan has not been "ruled off any course." However, a few days subsequently to the annual meeting of July regatta at Boston, Mass., in 1877, the committee and judges who officiated thereat held a meeting, and among other things recommended that he be debarred from participation in any future regatta held under the auspices of the City Government. Hanlan wrote a letter in his defense, explaining his position, and any disability under which he may have labored was removed by those in authority there.

F. W. H., Lawrence.—1. The age is not transferred, unless by mutual consent. 2. If the parties know how to play poker, there is no danger of all passing after the age has passed out of the game. 3. Eighty is fair to the age has passed out of the game. 3. Eighty is fair to the same value in straight poker as in draw. In some cases a straight will beat three-of-a-kind, but in most it will beat but two pair. Before beginning play it should be agreed whether the straight shall count, and it must also be agreed what it shall beat.

A. C., Philadelphia.—Any person who has competed for a money prize or against a professional is not a gentleman in England, whether he confines to one club or open any kind, whether he confines to one club or open to all, and would not be eligible to compete at the sports of any club or body or clubs who recognize the above definition, as adopted by the National Association of Amateur Athletes and Oarsmen. If the facts were known, the entry of such person would be refused or protested against.

CASINO.—It is proper to play a game of hand on two deuces on the board, and call the pair "five." Technically, a deuce on the board, and call the pair "five." Technically, this is combining. An opposing player could now play an ace on that pile and call it "six." Technically this would be building—that is, adding to a pile already made by expressed intent. Thus one player combines, and his opponent builds. The player who combines can now build on that combination unless an opponent has built upon it.

W. G. Forster, Jr., Jr., It is about a mile and three quarters from the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Chambers street, to Fourteenth street and Broadway. Answer 2. It is Fourteenth street and Broadway a quarter from the same part of a little over two miles from the entrance to the Central Park. 3. There are about nine hundred and thirty acres in the Central Park.

GILDA.—The dealer, properly, should discard before he serves anybody. 2. If not called, he who opens a pair not heed show only enough to satisfy. It will not be opened. 3. It ought not to be a "call match" at fifteen-ball pool if the match is with an object-ball. As he can gain nothing by it, he should lose nothing except the stroke. 4. Coney Island is 8 R. R., Jersey City—Ferry to Long Dock, Long Branch. 2. From Long Dock, starting from high-water mark. The shore-approach and the bulkhead give it an additional length of about 1,500ft., but only about 1,000ft. is of iron. The long dock is paved, and but 1,000ft. is of iron. The Long Branch iron pier is shorter.

J. S. KELLER.—The time in which the five contestants in the butchers' millionaire's contest for a champion belt at in the butchers' millionaire's contest for a champion belt at Bridgeport, near Chicago, Ill., May 15, 1869, did their work was: Charles Leyden, 4m. 45s.; Mark Smith, 4m. 50s.; Thos. Mulroony, 6m. 56s.; Mike Corrigan, 7m. 22s.; Rob. Ross, 7m. 15s.

J. H. M., Baltimore.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought on Feb. 7, 1849.

W. D. F., Hot Springs.—1. Sleepy Tom has the best passing record. 2. We believe he is still living.

J. D. W., Washington.—Address Harry Jennings, Broome street, near Centre, this city.

LONG BRANCH.—The act of raising the cards or looking at their faces made the hand foul.

READER, Parker City.—Most people pronounce Worcester *Wooster*. It is Wor-cez-ter shortened by usage.

D. J. F., Hope.—We have not the rules, and do not know where you can get a copy.

READER, Bushwick.—The dates have not yet been announced.

J. J. S., Chicago.—As he had to reach first base before he could get to second, P. J., of course, wins.

E. P., St. Paul.—The last card cannot be turned for trump at all-fours, unless by mutual consent.

UMPIRE.—The club refusing to continue the game forfeits all claim to it and the prize.

K.—The batter, after he has struck at the ball, becomes a base-runner, and should be declared out for obstructing the catcher in the act of catching the ball.

THE CATCHER IN THE ACT.—See answer to "Dick A. W."

A. B. WHISTLER, Roxbury.—Sixes are high at poker-dice.

FRANCIS, Cincinnati.—Andrew Johnson was impeached.

N. P., Buffalo.—Andrew Johnson was sixty years old.

S. A. J., St. Clairsville.—Maud S. is six years old.

J. M. R.—Flora Temple's best record was 2:19¾.

J. O. B., Fulda.—A full hand beats a flush.

H. W.—Clapp of the Cincinnatis.

C. T. O., Cambridge.—2:12¾, by St. Julien.

MONTANA, Coal Banks.—We do not know.

THE DEVIL is dead. At all events, he has been beaten in the second race this year for the English Derby. The investigation as to whether Bend Or was or was not Tadcaster turned wholly upon a question of blazes. If Bend Or was not Tadcaster, then no blaze should have been seen when the apparent snatcher of the first Derby this year went past the winning-post. If, on the other hand, Bend Or was Tadcaster, then a blaze had to be seen; and one who professed to know all about Bend Or swore that he saw a blaze in the face of the horse that pulled the Derby out of the fire when Robert the Devil was at his heels. The stewards of the Jockey Club, who were the judges of the second Derby this year, have nevertheless unanimously decided that the first Derby of this year was won by the chestnut colt Bend Or. It is probable that the owners of Robert the Devil based their protest mainly upon the mischievous or vengeful gabble of some ostler or other stableman discharged from the service of the owner of Bend Or.

HAPPY EXCURSIONISTS.—In order to increase the patronage of one of our latest watering-places, it is proposed to run a ferry from the Connecticut shore to Oyster Bay, L. I. This would increase the dangers of traveling on Long Island Sound out of all proportion to the need of such a route, and would interfere with the regular traffic east and west. Fogs have the right of way on the Sound, and it would be wiser for the Connecticut people who wish to bathe in the Atlantic Ocean off the Long Island shore to take the New York and New Haven Railroad and the established ferry at Thirty-fourth street, East River. Navigators up and down the Sound would feel all the safer were there no happy excursionists crossing their path over a route ten miles long. There should be a check somewhere to the ambition of people who build Summer hotels and sell bathings-suits over and over again without once buying them back.

THE OBELISK is in hard luck, besides being in the North River. Now that it is here, What shall we do with it? Ought we to visit it? It had no sooner got here than one of the Park Commissioners, who were expected to take it up carefully, carry it tenderly, and lay it down gently in Central Park, spoke of it disdainfully as an old stone not worth carting through the streets. It is a long Lane that has no turning, and now that Commissioner is doing penace in sackcloth and ashes. But the monolith remains in the stream all the same. Is there no one to welcome it with hospitable hands to its new home? What is Barnum doing, or going to do? He and Vanderbilt could utilize it as the corner-stone of their new building square Garden and Museum.

EASTON flies the pennant. This is the baptismal name of the carrier-pigeon that last week flapped off 475 miles, a trifle more or possibly somewhat less, in 26h. 50m. elapsed time. An allowance for the night intervening would reduce this considerably. Unhappily, it is not known how long or short this particular night was made by Easton, and therefore the calculation that the actual flying-time was seventeen hours is not worth much more than the calculation that the distance was 475 miles. This is not the fault of the bird, however. It is man, and not the bird, that does the timing, and man should have all such things down finer.

GARFIELD must be beaten! Our Democratic exchanges charge that he plays poker in secret, instead of upon the highway. No man who is loth to be seen "drawing to a flush" in the light of day has the nerve to be President. Winfield must also lose! Our Republican exchanges allege that he swears when he is mad. The man who cannot make believe pray when he gets mad is not fit to be President in an age of advanced moral ideas. The Greenback nominee drinks, and in Washington he would die of thirst. Therefore the only available candidate is Neal Dow.

THE nominees of both political parties took so much time to write their letters as to convey the impression that their education [illegible] direction [illegible] greatly neglected. "[illegible]

J. MCB., St. Louis.—A horse that loses two heats and wins the next nine does not win the ninth straight heats. For a horse to win in three straight heats there must be no more than that number.

P. R. J., Wesbahaven.—The Tunnel War, between the N. Y. and Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad culminated in 1870. The latter road began building their new tunnel in 1873.

OLIVE GROVE, Millville.—Dinks, Mayhew & Hutchinson's work on the dog is most comprehensive, and is a recognized authority. You can buy it from Ed. James for $3.

C. W. K.—A person who bets on a certainty cannot possibly lose. He will not win it fraud underlies the certainty, but cannot lose, as for him to lose would be to lie—to hold the idea that he had a certainty.

OMAHA.—Barney Frain beat Jim Saddican and Ned Grant in England. Jack Grady on Long Island, N. Y., and Tom Bradshaw near Little Falls, N. Y. These were all his battles.

CONSTANT READER, Crown Point.—It should be obvious to you that no one has yet chosen to enter the race, and that no one can therefore tell which is the favorite. As a matter of fact, it is about a mile and three quarters from the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Chambers street, to Fourteenth street and Broadway. Answer 2. It is Fourteenth street and Broadway a quarter from the same part of a little over two miles from the entrance to the Central Park. 3. There are about nine hundred and thirty acres in the Central Park.

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J. M.—1. We cannot decide the bet, there being a lack of statistics. The census-taker does not always go around in that country. St. Petersburg had considerably fewer than 700,000 inhabitants in 1869, and we do not believe that she has one million now. 2. In point of population, Paris, France, is the second city in the world.

H. B. H., No fob.—In the case of a miscall at seven-up it is optional with the non-dealer to either take the deal or stand the beg. If the game is three-handed, the non-handed, the non-dealer has the option of the rule is that the player next to the dealer on the latter's left.

H. C., Baltimore.—In point of population, Virginia was the first State in the Union until the census of 1820, when New York, which had been fourth, then fifth, next Ohio, and then second, went to the fore. Illinois, last in 1870, became third in 1876.

M. S.-L., Interior of some dealer [illegible]

THE INFLUENCE of the circus was shown at a rope-walk in Easton, Pa., July 28. The boys employed wanted to attend a circus which had just pitched its tent there, but their employers declined to permit them to leave their work; so it became a question of circus or rope-walk, and the circus carried it, while the rope-walk had to close up.

NEW HAVEN has devised a ready method of stopping a street-fight. She sends out a fire-engine and squirts a solid stream of water upon the belligerent crowd. The land that can grow a nutmeg in half a second by the aid of a lurcher's lathe ought to be equal in some new way to almost any emergency—and is.

BECAUSE we don't hear much about the doings of the knights of the green cloth at the fashionable watering-places, it must not be imagined that the tiger-keepers are idle. On the contrary, they are doing a nice, quiet business, in which the stranger from foreign parts puts down more than he takes up.

GOODWOOD was a good week for the American horses in England. If Lorillard is happy, another American, Richard Ten Broeck, is certainly not in the dumps—though he is being carried to the front by English horses, and not by American nags, as was his sole ambition a quarter of a century ago.

COUNTRY PEOPLE who have no rural resorts to resort to find their recreation and amusement in visiting the various moral circuses now going through the States. Any parent neglecting to give his family a blow-out at the circus is not recognized by the rest of the community.

THE CABLE complains that "Rockwell showed signs of unsteadiness" as a shooter against the foreign riflemen. In their desire to win everything on earth, the Americans should not utterly forget their logic. How is it possible for a man to be steady and Rockwell at the same time?

MILD PUNISHMENTS follow wrongdoing on the turf in Cleveland, unless the offender happens to be a pacer. On the trotters the judges let up, but on the pacers they seem to come down as heavily as turf law permits. All is not foul that goes upon four legs, apparently.

AS AGAINST a locomotive, a horse ought to have a start of four feet in attempting to cross the railroad track before the iron-horse comes up; but reckless drivers ask no odds of the steamer, and push right straight on, regardless of the possibilities of a collision.

KNIGHT-TEMPLAR, the three-year-old who began the season by lowering the three-quarter-mile running record, has come to a lame halt, and the hopes based upon him have been shattered. Having sprung a tendon, he has had to be retired from the turf.

A CRUSADE against cats is talked of in this city, and, if what a crew said of their depredations on their steamboat is correct, the movement shall have our hearty support. In the language of Shakespeare: "Tabby or not Tabby, that is the question."

"COME into the garden, Maud." Hickok, driver and part owner of St. Julien, will trot him against Maud S. for either five or ten thousand dollars a side. If Maud will not come in, any other horse on the turf can forage on St. Julien's rich pasture.

SOME of the chickens used as illustrations by political papers need trimming. If an enterprising engraver would get up a decent cut of a gamerooster, he could sell a good many copies to those papers whose motto is "Death to Tyrants!"

LET US not look upon clergymen as bright and shining examples while they are taking their vacation at the seaside or in the grove. There are but few of us who can withstand the temptations thrown in our way during the dog-days.

SOME of the beautiful bathers at Long Branch are wonderfully made up when they approach the water; but when they emerge therefrom they are fearfully collapsed, and as limp as an old rag.

DIALOGUE.—*First Little Girl:* "My father can play the fiddle on one string."

Second Little Girl: "*As that* was anything. Our Kate can play the piano on one key!"

SPAIN has again outraged us. This is the third time in too short a time. If the grandees keep abusing the stars-and-stripes in Cuba [illegible] Sam will be heard from.

PERHAPS you have not noticed how much shorter the days are now than they were six weeks ago. The nights, on the contrary, are longer.

LIKE a leaky vessel, Dr. Tanner continues to take in water. The watermelon with which he intends to break his fast is doing the same.

THE TIME is fast approaching when big hogs, pumpkins and squashes will loom up as special attractions at the fairs. At such displays, to the fair all things are fair.

HAIR fancies that before the next Winter comes he will drive Maud S. in :12 or better. It is barely possible.

WOULD it be in good taste to call the alleged bullfight last Saturday "another Spanish outrage?"

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, Lieutenant Frank T.—Of the United States Army.—Ashe, Ark., July 26, aged 31.

APPUZZO, Cardinal Francesco.—Archbishop of Capua.—cable-dispatch dated July 31, aged 73.

BECKWITH, Samuel.—For many years identified with daguerreotyping and photography in Philadelphia, Pa.—there, July 24, aged 70.

BOHANNON, Captain D. W.—A resident of Richmond, Va., where he had held responsibly the positions of United States gauger and tobacco-inspector. He was an officer in the Federal army during the late war, and came to Richmond soon after its close—there, July 26, aged 40.

BIDWELL, Rev. J. M.—A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty-six years, and the oldest member of the Providence Conference—Norwich, Ct., July 25, aged 77.

BEVERLY, J. C.—A member of the choir of St. Mark's Church, this city, and had also been connected with several operatic companies—Sunday, L. I., July 30.

BACH, William—A retired merchant of this city—here, July 3, aged 31.

BURGARDT, Max—Editor and proprietor of *The San Francisco Humorist*, a German weekly—San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 1, aged 50.

CHASE, John W.—A police-captain of Boston, Mass., who served in the Indian revolt during the late war as sergeant of the First Massachusetts battery of light artillery.—Boston, July 27, aged 55.

DOLLIN, Rev. Richard F.—Rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Jenkintown, Pa. He was formerly pastor of Hebrew at the West Philadelphia Divinity School—Jenkintown, July 26.

CLINE, Mrs. Elizabeth—A centenarian—Lenon, N. C., July 18, aged 109.

CUTIER, Bloodgood H.—Known as the "Long-Island Farmer-poet"—London, Eng., cable-dispatch dated July 30.

ECK, John R.—An old journalist, who had been connected at various times with newspapers in Lycoming, Milton and Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia, July 30, aged 70.

GEIB, Conrad—Grand Secretary of the Order of the Harugari in Pennsylvania, and for a number of Assembly from this city. For the last eight years was a member of Assembly 1, and was also a member of the Board of Education—there, July 26, aged 57.

GEORGE, Rev. Samuel—One of the oldest and ablest lawyers of Baltimore, Md.—there, July 30, aged 68.

GREER, Rev. Edwin—For many years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church—Baltimore, Md., July 30, aged 61.

GEORGE JR., Samuel—President of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Pittsburg, Pa.—there, Aug. 1, aged 31.

GEISLER, Dr. Charles—A well-known Hungarian statesman, and one of the leading authorities in that country on matters connected with farming and general finance.—Buda Pesth, July 24, aged 80.

HEACOCK, Benjamin—A centenarian—Brazil, Ind., July 31, aged 103.

HULICK, George Bradford.—One of the largest stock-raisers in Queens county.—Jamaica, L. I., July 30, aged 59.

HEBERTON, Dr. G. Craig—A well known physician of Philadelphia, Pa.—Mount Desert, Me., July 25.

IDELL, Charles E.—A well-known resident of Germantown, Philadelphia, where he had held the office of real estate assessor for twenty years. He held the position of Serveant-at-arms of the House of Representatives in 1867-68.—Philadelphia, July 26.

JENKINS, Issac J.—A well-known resident of Asbury Park, N. J. He was a native of Delaware, and at one time was Collector of the Port of Delaware, and had held many other positions of trust.—Asbury Park, July 30, aged 60.

KISTLER, John—A prominent resident of Rock Island, Ill., where he was formerly County judge. He was at one time President of the Illinois Legislature—Rock Island, July 29, aged 77.

LANDON, Rev. Seymour—One of the oldest clergymen in the Methodist Episcopal Conference—Jamaica, L. I., July 29, aged 82.

LLOYD, William Alford—A noted English zoologist—Leeson, Eng., July 14.

MOORE, Robert Moulder—An old and well-known merchant of Philadelphia, Pa., where some years ago he was cashier for the Gas Trustees—Philadelphia, July 28, aged 80.

MACKEY, Charles C.—For many years engaged in business as an auctioneer in Philadelphia, Pa.—Camden, N. J., July 25, aged 76.

NEUMANN, Dr. Karl—Professor of History and Geography in the University of Breslau—Breslau, July 9, aged 57.

OGDEN, Thomas L.—President of the Delaware Shore Railroad Company, and formerly a merchant of Philadelphia, Pa.—Woodbury, N. J., July 30, aged 46.

PAUL, Bettle P.—A retired merchant of Philadelphia, Pa. He had relinquished business about twenty-five years ago—Philadelphia, July 27, aged 71.

PECK, William Bass—An old resident of Buffalo, N. Y., where he was for many years the agent of the American Express Company. He was one of the original members of the Buffalo Club, and prominently identified with the Masonic fraternity.—Buffalo, July 31, aged 64.

RIDING, James.—A well-known resident of the southern section of Philadelphia, Pa.

RODERER, M.—The head of a well-known champagne house—Rheims, cable-dispatch dated July 29.

REYNOLDS, William F.—A well-known resident of Lafayette, Ind., and formerly president of the Indianapolis and Lafayette Railroad—Lafayette, July 30.

STOUGHTON, A. C.—One of the oldest members of the Produce Exchange of this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30, aged 50.

TILLER, Samuel—An old and respected resident of Philadelphia, Pa. For nearly sixty-five years he had been in business as a plate-printer. Hence the era of bank-note printing he did much work for the banks all over the country.—Camden, N. J., July 29, aged 83.

THOMAS Sr., John L.—An old resident of Baltimore, Md.—there, July 27, aged 84.

TREMBULL, Joseph—A member of the New York Stock Exchange, and prominently known in financial circles—New Brighton, S. I., July 25, aged 56.

TAFT, William Young—An old resident of this city, and a prominent member of the Masonic order—here, July 28, aged 61.

WAITES, Captain James A. J.—A resident of Philadelphia, Pa., who had served in the late war as captain of a company in the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and took part in nearly all of the principal battles fought by the Army of the Potomac—Philadelphia, July 25, aged 40.

WHARTON, Philip Fishbourne—A well known artist of Philadelphia, Pa. He had studied his profession in Paris and Dresden, and was one of the originators and a manager of the Philadelphia Sketch Club. He was also a musician and a composer of music—Philadelphia, July 28, aged 40.

WENDELL, Harmon—A leading resident of Amsterdam, N. Y.—there, July 28.

WARNER, John H.—A leading lawyer of Baltimore, Md.—there, July 26, aged 45.

WARREN, Everts E. S.—Secretary of *The Courier* Company of Buffalo, N. Y.—Fort Gratiot, Mich., July 26, aged 44.

WENZEL, Adolph E.—A well known resident of Sullivan County, N. Y. He had held the office of Supervisor for several years, and was twice elected to the Assembly—Callicoon, July 25, aged 42.

ZLINSKY, Emerich—A Hungarian scientist and Judge of the Supreme Court—July 13, aged 42.

AQUATIC.

THE HILLSDALE REGATTA.

Our correspondent at Hillsdale, Mich., forwards the following account of the regatta, open to all amateurs, held at Bawbeese Lake, that place, last week:

HILLSDALE, July 28, 1880.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* The weather to-day was all that could be desired. The water is still and smooth, not a ripple disturbing the calm surface of old Bawbeese. The races started from between the two large grand-stands, and were seven-eighths of a mile and return. The first race of the afternoon was for junior single-scullers, one-mile and return. In this race Fred Connor of Hillsdale, Chas. Cole of Marshal, and A. Guignes of Wyandotte started. Guignes got water first, but Connor soon passed him and gained a long lead, all steering very well. Connor turned first and round leisurely, leaving the race in his own hands, and winning in 14min. 21¼sec. Guignes was second, in 14m. 58sec., and Cole was third. Marsmen pronounce Connor a good one for a boy.....Next was a six-oared barge-race, the Hillsdale and Bawbeese crews entering. It was a very close race, and a great deal of interest was manifested in both boats, they being about one boat-length in 6m. 24¼s.; Hillsdales time, 6m. 32¼s.....The next race was for junior double-scullers. The Goguacs and Hillsdales started, the former getting the lead, turning first, and winning in 12m. 16¼s. The Hillsdales came in in 12m. 59½s. These were two new Hillsdale men, who had only once before pulled a double-scull boat.....A pleasure-boat race and swimming-race finished to-day's programme, when the champion Hillsdale four rowed over the course on exhibition amid the deafening applause of the many spectators.

HILLSDALE, July 29.

The weather to-day was all that could be desired, being warm, with a slight breeze. The water was also in very fine condition. The streets of Hillsdale have been rarely so crowded as they were to-day. Every train to-night brought in large numbers of persons, and the grand stands were packed to an almost uncomfortable extent. There was more pool-selling on the races than there was at the Bay City regatta. The champion four (Hillsdales) were barred in all races, much to the disappointment of the crowd. The first race of the afternoon was the senior single-scull.....In this race Fred Connor of Hillsdale, Fred Bolts of Fort Wayne, Geo. Gaisel of Fort Wayne, and John Kelley of Fort Wayne started. Kelley got the water first, but Gaisel soon collared and passed him, keeping the race in his own hands all the rest of the way. Great excitement of the race was betwen Kelley and Connor for second place, as Boltz was soon found to be out of it. Connor and Gaisel turned together, both steering well. Gaisel won in 12m. 28s.; Kelley second, 12m. 32⅝s.; Connor third, in 12m. 36s.; Boltz fourth.....The next race was between the junior four-oared crews. In this were the Zephyrs of Detroit, the Excelsiors of Detroit, and the Hillsdales of Hillsdale. The Zephyrs got the start and four picked men from the Hillsdale Club. They were first and led off, turning first and winning in 11m. 52⅝s.; Excelsiors second, in 12m. 11½s.; Zephyrs third. The Excelsiors entered a foul, the Umpire resenting his decision till the close of the regatta.....The next race was for senior double-sculls, between the Hillsdales and Goguacs. The latter got the better start, but steered a little wild, and by so doing allowed the Hillsdales to collar them. Both pulled well after this and they made the turn together, when the Hillsdales picked up and quickly left the Goguacs in the rear, crossing the first in 11m. 52⅞s.; the Goguacs' time was 12m. 2½s. This was a fine race and was enjoyed by all.....The champions next rowed over the course on exhibition and made very fast time, crossing the finish-line in 10m. 52s. The Hillsdale and Bawbeese six-oared barges next had a race, over which there was a great deal of local interest.....The last shell race of the day was the senior four-oared contest between the Excelsiors of Detroit and the Wyandottes of Wyandotte. The latter took the water first and obtained the lead, turning a trifle ahead. The Excelsiors got the lead after the turn, and kept it until near the finish, when the Wyandottes made a fine spurt and came in first by a third of a boat-length. The time of the Wyandottes was 11m. 2s.; Excelsiors, 11m. 22s. A tub-race, as usual, closed the regatta programme, after which Umpire Joe Sterling of Monroe decided the junior four-oared race in favor of the Excelsiors and disqualified the Hillsdales on account of a foul. There was a very satisfactory attendance at this regatta. The receipts have been large and the whole affair a success.

A UNION REGATTA,

under the auspices of the Newburyport (Mass.) Yacht Club, was sailed on the Merrimac River July 28. There were forty-one yachts in the squadron [illegible] over twenty and under [illegible] class over [illegible] class—Ida, 3h. 46m. 34s.; second class—Irene, 4h. 43m. 21s.; third, Idle Hour, 3h. 26m. 12s.; fourth, Laurel, 3h. 46m. 23s.

THE DUXBURY (MASS.) YACHT CLUB last week elected the following officers: Commodore, William J. Wright; vice-commodore, George A. Green; fleet-captain, N. B. Watson; treasurer, A. G. Collicott; financial secretary, J. D. Gaines; recording secretary, W. C. Winslow; measurer, S. S. Richards; regatta committee—C. H. Thomas, William A. Drew, G. A. Green, J. D. Gaines, W. C. Winslow; measurer committee—A. E. Green, Augustus Winsor and C. W. Wilkinson.

TRICKETT IN ENGLAND.—A cable-dispatch dated London, July 28, says: "Trickett, the Australian champion sculler, who is to row in a contest with Hanlan on the 16th of NOV. next, arrived in London on Monday night. He looks remarkably well. He intends to remain quiet for a few days until he recovers from the fatigue of his journey. He will then probably have a spell on the river at Putney."

LITTLE YACHTS belonging respectively to "Smoky Hollow" and "Fishtown," in Philadelphia, engaged in a race on the Delaware, from South-street wharf to Chester Island red buoy and back to the Water-works wharf, July 26. The competing vessels were the Thomas Ledyard of Fishtown and the Charles Bentown of the Hollow, and the latter won by a long distance.

THE DORY LITTLE WESTERN arrived at Cowes, Isle of Wight, July 28. The weather during the voyage was rough, and on June 28 the crew had fears of capsizing. On coming ashore the two occupants, Captain George P. Thomas and Freshwater Norman, could hardly stand, but the stiffness soon wore off. The voyage was to be continued to London.

THE GLIMPSE won a silver and glass epergne offered as a prize for first-class sloops belonging to the New Bedford Yacht Club in a thirteen-mile race at New Bedford, Mass., July 28.

THE SECOND DEPOSIT of $250 for the match between Hanlan and Trickett, due Aug. 2, was posted on behalf of Trickett last week at the office of *The London Sportsman*.

CONLEY VS. MCKAY.—A match-race in single sculls, three miles, with turn, for $500, has been arranged between Conley, of Lynn, Mass., and Sam McKay of Halifax, N. S., to take place on Bedford Basin, N. S. The date fixed for the race was Aug. 3, and Conley was expected at Halifax on Monday, July 26; but, owing to carelessness on the part of McKay's backers in forwarding the articles of agreement to Conley, the documents were posted too short-paid, and the result was they were sent to the dead-letter office at Ottawa, to be returned for pos age. A dispatch was sent to Conley to come on and get the articles at Halifax, but no answer was received. New articles have been forwarded to Lowell, and Conley will probably arrive this week. Of course a match is of little importance, sary, but as yet no other date has been fixed. Fleming of Sambro, N. S., who was spare-man in the Centennial four-oared crew, has been matched to defeat McKay, for $200 a side. The race will take place early in September.

THE SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA held this season by the Beverly Yacht Club was sailed off Swampscott, Mass., July 31. The boats were divided into three classes, the first sailing thirteen and the other two classes six miles. There were two prizes in each class, as also a third to the boat making the best actual time. The winners were as follow: First class—corrected time: Muriel, 2h. 18m. 58s.; Nomad, 2h. 21m.; actual time: Nomad, 2h. 22m. 2s. Second class—corrected time: Peri, 2h. 31m. 4s.; Fancy, 1h. 32m. 20s.; actual time: Peri, 2h. 35m. 11s. Third class—corrected time: Psyche, 1h. 45m. 37s.; Mirage, 1h. 48m. 41s.; actual time: Psyche, 1h. 55m. 17s.

JENKINS, Issac J.—A well-known resident of Asbury Park, N. J. He was a native of Delaware, and at one time was Collector of the Port of Delaware, and had held many other positions of trust.—Asbury Park, July 30, aged 60.

KISTLER, John—A prominent resident of Rock Island, Ill., where he was formerly County judge. He was at one time President of the Illinois Legislature—Rock Island, July 29, aged 77.

LANDON, Rev. Seymour—One of the oldest clergymen in the Methodist Episcopal Conference—Jamaica, L. I., July 29, aged 82.

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NEUMANN, Dr. Karl—Professor of History and Geography in the University of Breslau—Breslau, July 9, aged 57.

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PAUL, Bettle P.—A retired merchant of Philadelphia, Pa. He had relinquished business about twenty-five years ago—Philadelphia, July 27, aged 71.

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RODERER, M.—The head of a well-known champagne house—Rheims, cable-dispatch dated July 29.

REYNOLDS, William F.—A well-known resident of Lafayette, Ind., and formerly president of the Indianapolis and Lafayette Railroad—Lafayette, July 30.

STOUGHTON, A. C.—One of the oldest members of the Produce Exchange of this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30, aged 50.

THE BUNKER HILL YACHT CLUB sailed their annual regatta off Long Island, Boston Harbor, July 31. There were six starters in the first class, two in the second, and two in the third, and the first boats in each to arrive home were: First-class, Wm. F. Hodgkins' Edith; second, Henry Simmons' Independence; third, H. F. Johnson's Little Joker.

ATHLETIC.

WARBURTON vs. BYRNES.

Many people were led to believe that the announced match between these men was really for the sum of five hundred dollars in stakes and a championship trophy, and considerably over one thousand were impressed with the idea that, whether there were any stakes up or not, the meeting between the rival long-distance runners was certain to produce a race worth going a journey to witness. Consequently the public paid an admission—fifty cents to Coney Island, $1 to the Manhattan A. C. grounds, this the covered stand—to the Manhattan A. C. grounds, this city, July 31, without a murmur; but a more disappointed and thoroughly disgusted body of people than they were when they left the inclosure never fell victims to the tricks of not overscrupulous professional pedestrians and their companions. The so-called race was started just after five o'clock. L. E. Myers standing referee, and had given Byrnes a handicap of three minutes at the start. Byrnes took the lead, which he held for the third lap of the fifth mile, when the Englishman ran past him at the club-house, and was leading by two yards at the end of the fifth round. At the close of the sixth lap of this mile the circuit. At the close of the sixth lap of this mile Byrnes suddenly stopped, and, amid the jeers and hisses of the spectators, walked through the [illegible] tremendous applause of the spectators, the steps to the hundred yards straight, and mounted the steps to the club-house. Warburton was then twenty-five yards ahead, and without doing another lap he dropped to a walk, but was induced to start on a run again, which he kept up until he had covered [illegible] miles and three laps, when he fell he had covered [illegible] miles and three laps, when he fell into a walk. He complained that the ashes from the track had worked into his shoe and hurt his foot. The track had worked into his shoe and hurt his foot. The track was made opposite the grand stand, while no attention was made opposite the grand stand, while no attention was paid to the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of. The shoe and stocking removed the fine cinders complained of

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE.

Aug. 3, 5, 7, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Providence.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Worcester vs. Buffalo, at Worcester.
Aug. 3, 5, 6, Troy vs. Cincinnati, at Troy.
Aug. 7, Troy vs. Cincinnati, at Albany.

OTHER GAMES.

Aug. 2, Dubuque vs. St. Louis Reds, at Dubuque.
Aug. 4, National vs. Buffalo, at Springfield.
Aug. 6, National vs. Chicago, at Springfield.
Aug. 6, Dauntless vs. Polytechnic, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 7, Nameless vs. Commercial, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 7, Star vs. Lafayette, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 7, Athletic vs. Knickerbocker, at San Francisco.
Aug. 8, Knickerbocker vs. California, at San Francisco.
Aug. 9, National vs. Rochester, at Coney Island.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Last Saturday's play in the League arena ended the third month of the season, and it is in order to review the first three months' work of the campaign of 1880 to see how it compares with that of 1879 and 1878, as it is only by such a comparison that we can note the improvement made in the game each year. Four clubs now in the arena had their birth in the field in 1878 and 1879, viz., the Boston, Providence, Chicago, and Cincinnati; and seven of the eight now having teams in the field took part in the race of 1879, the Syracuse team of last year being replaced by the Worcesters of 1880. The monthly record of the four clubs first-named during May, June and July for 1878, 1879, and 1880 is as follows:

	May.		June.		July.		Totals.		Season's Totals.	
1878.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.
Boston	6	3	4	4	10	3	20	10	41	19
Cincinnati	11	3	4	8	7	7	22	18	37	23
Providence	3	6	6	5	8	6	17	17	33	27
Chicago	4	9	10	3	12	3	26	15	30	30
1879.										
Providence	10	5	9	5	10	8	29	18	59	25
Boston	7	8	8	6	12	6	27	20	54	30
Chicago	6	9	8	5	13	8	27	22	46	32
Cincinnati	8	7	3	9	11	7	22	23	43	37
1880.										
Chicago	14	2	16	4	11	6	41	9		
Providence	8	7	11	6	9	8	28	21		
Boston	7	9	9	8	7	10	23	27		
Cincinnati	4	11	2	13	5	12	11	36		

The record for the first three months of the season of 1879 of all the clubs in the race, is as follows:

	May.		June.		July.		Totals.		Season's Totals.	
	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.
Providence	10	5	9	5	10	8	29	18	59	25
Boston	7	8	8	6	12	6	27	20	54	30
Chicago	6	9	8	5	13	8	27	22	46	32
Cincinnati	8	7	3	9	11	7	22	23	43	37
Cleveland	3	12	5	7	6	12	14	31	27	56
Troy	4	11	6	6	6	12	17	29	19	56
Syracuse	8	7	3	10	6	12	17	29	22	48

The record for the three months for 1880 is as follows:

	May.		June.		July.		Total.	
	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.
Chicago	14	2	16	4	11	6	41	9
Cleveland	9	6	9	8	10	5	28	19
Providence	8	7	11	6	9	8	28	21
Worcester	10	5	7	8	7	10	24	23
Boston	7	9	9	8	7	10	23	27
Troy	4	11	9	5	9	10	22	25
Buffalo	5	12	6	10	6	11	17	33
Cincinnati	4	11	2	13	5	12	11	36

By reference to these tables it will be seen that Chicago has had the lead at the end of July for three successive years, and yet in two of these three seasons they fell so badly that they came in fourth each year up to 1880. In 1878, when the field in the League was 8 in all, the Bostons ended the season with but 30 to Boston's 41. In 1879, with a lead of 34 to Providence's 29 at the end of July, the Providence team closed the season 4 games ahead of Chicago. This year Chicago closes July with a lead of 41 to Cleveland's 28, the latter club being second in the race, owing to fewer defeats. The lulling-off of Cincinnati since 1878 is noteworthy, as is also that of Buffalo since 1879; while Troy has shown marked improvement in her record. But Cleveland "takes the cake" in the way of an improvement since 1879, as the above tables plainly show. Boston has fallen off, as also has Providence, since 1879.

The full record to Aug. 2 is as follows, the names of the clubs being given in the order of their position.

	Chicago.	Cleveland.	Providence.	Worcester.	Boston.	Troy.	Buffalo.	Cincinnati.	Games won.	Games lost.	Percentage.
Chicago		4	7	8	3	8	6	5	41	75	43
Cleveland	3		7	4	4	4	4	1	28	68	56
Providence	2	3		4	3	5	2	2	28	63	56
Worcester	1	3	4		5	3	1	7	24	60	60
Boston	2	4	1	1		4	6	5	23	57	61
Troy	1	4	3	4	2		2	7	22	50	62
Buffalo	0	2	2	5	3	1	2	4	17	51	67
Cincinnati	1	1	2	1	2	4	0	2	11	48	73
Lost	9	19	21	24	27	25	33	36	194		

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The games at the Park on Saturday, July 31, were "duffer games"—as poor fielding contests are called—the scores showing this pretty plainly. The Putnams beat the Lafayettes by 26 to 10, in a seven-innings game; the Nameless defeated the Lafayette by 19 to 4, in a five-inning game; and the Commercials the Stars by 16 to 14, in a seven-innings contest. The Stars had the better of it until the sixth inning. The record to date is as follows:

	Commercial.	Nameless.	Putnam.	Star.	Lafayette.	Games won.	Games lost.	Games drawn.	Games played.
Commercial		0	2	1	0	2	2	2	7
Nameless	1		1	0	1	1	2	2	6
Polytechnic	0	1		0	1	1	2	2	5
Dauntless	0	0	0		1	1	2	1	4
Putnam	1	1	1	1		4	1	1	6
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	5
Lafayette	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	5
Games lost	2	2	3	1	3	4	6	9	29

The Cleveland Athletic Club, of Cleveland, O., on July 31, when the Cleveland Athletic Club, of Cleveland, O., on July 31, when the Cleveland Athletic Club, of Cleveland, O., on July 31, when the

A FEW WORDS WITH A CLAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

TIME—Any Time. SCENE—Coney Island.

Hail! tough testaceous tenant of a cave,
Lodged in a sand-hole,
That know'st as little of this world so brave,
As the blind land-mole.

How dost thou pass the time between the tides,
Secluded martyr?
Art thou despondent when the sea subsides,
Gay at high water?

Open and shut must be a weary game—
Know'st thou no other?
Hast no moluscous sister, daughter, dame,
Or hard-shell brother?

Dost smile contented when the waves roll in?
When sorry, blubber?
Canst str...stahy clam shall with a yawn or grin,
Old India-rubber?

Sad is the lot of clams, if not served up by cooks
In plates and dishes;
Thy tribe is cut in strips and hung on hooks
As lures for fishes.

But as for thee, not such shall be thy fate.
Shelley, a poet,
Bids thee free: The coming tide await—
Then, bivalve, go it!

ESTELLE,
OR THE LOVE OF A STAR.

A STORY OF THE STAGE AND SOCIETY

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

CHAPTER IV.—DRIVEN TO BAY.

A week or two passed, during which time the opera and the prima-donna increased daily in popularity. The public went wild over her. Such a furor over a singer is seldom seen, even in Italy or Paris, and comes to staid, sober John Bull but once or twice in a century. Yet what happiness did her triumph bring her? She daily grew more pale and haggard-looking. It seemed to her that she had been born under a curse. The public, indeed, had made her their idol; but the man her heart had chosen, and whose praise she valued more than all the rest of the world, had suddenly grown cold and distant towards her. She seldom saw Lord Clavers now, and when she did, instead of showing his former pleased and cordial manner, he treated her as he would an ordinary acquaintance.

Her burden was indeed a hard one to bear. The manager had advanced her salary to an amount which several months previously she would have considered to even dream of as foolish; but it was swallowed up before it was due by the man with the dark, handsome, evil face, whom her cruel destiny forced her to call husband. Day after day he became more importunate in his demands, but always in the calm, sarcastic way that her most vehement burst of passion could not ruffle for an instant, until she felt that, if the extortion did not cease, she would lose her reason.

"I cannot endure it any longer," she told him one day, when, returning from rehearsal as usual, she found him waiting in her drawing-room. "It would need a gold mine to keep you provided. Only yesterday I gave you fifty pounds, and to-day it is all gone, all lost in gambling-dens."

"What would you have, *ma belle*?" he answered in his coolest tones. "It was my luck. I cannot control the caprice of Fortune any more than that of any other woman. I called red, it should have been black—*presto*, it was gone."

"But what am I to do?" she pleaded. "I cannot go on forever importuning the manager for money. He has not refused me as yet, but every time I ask him he appears more surprised, more cold."

"Yes," he responded; "it must seem somewhat singular to him. However, depend upon it, he will not refuse for some time yet, at any rate. You are by far too good a card to run the risk of losing you."

"But have you no consideration for my feelings at all—no spark of pity in your heart? Cannot you imagine my daily humiliation at having to ask it?—in having the reason for which I do so speculated upon and misconstrued?"

"Now, *stella mia*," he replied, "you really are too severe upon me. I have no desire to drive you to the course. I have no doubt it must be hard for you to ask. Why do you not apply to some of your friends?"

"What do you mean?"

"Bah! A woman of your attractions asking what I mean! There is Lord Clavers, for instance. His rent-roll is one of the largest in England, and thousands such as I should need would be but a mere bagatelle, and never missed."

For a moment or two she surveyed him in silence with a look of such withering scorn that his eyes drooped beneath her gaze.

"Why not put your proposal into plain words?" she said at length. "You would have me become his mistress?"

"Bah! how melodramatic you are! No; I would not have you become his mistress, for the probability is he would tire of you after a while. No; I would have you go in for a grand *coup*, and marry him."

"Marry him!" she repeated, taken wholly by surprise. "Marry him, when I am already your wife?"

"I should not object, after all the trouble we have had to keep it secret, to your making it only be exercised. At present he visits you, I being your husband. Then I should do myself the pleasure of calling on the manager."

For a moment or two she stood motionless, the proposal came so suddenly upon her. Then she took a step near to him, her eyes flashing with a magnificent scorn, and the look upon her face like that of some gentle animal goaded to desperation and turning at bay upon its tormentors.

"Paul Lematin," she said, "the proposal is worthy of you; but know that from this hour I spurn you and your vile extortions. You speak of Lord Clavers to him, I will tell him all. I will tell him I love him, and will become his mistress if he will only protect me from your persecutions. I will tell him all. I will tell him the history of Paul Lematin, ex-thief of Paris, convict, gambler, swindler, the decoy of evil women to entrap young men of wealth—this same Paul Lematin, now the Russian Count Valdimir, has been bought by the ruin of an innocent maiden sold to a prince of the blood. You look surprised at my knowledge of this fact, yet you cannot deny it. I will tell him the story of how you worked upon the romantic fancies of a girl of fourteen, then a pupil in the convent of St. Cecelia, until you induced her to elope with you. I will hold nothing back. He has wealth, he has influence. I will tell him I will not only become his mistress, but his menial slave, if he will rescue me from the power of the miscreant that you are."

She paused, almost exhausted by the intensity of her passion. The man waited a moment or two before he answered:

"Suppose that, knowing your intention, I am beforehand with you; that I inform Lord Clavers of the same story to a certain extent, merely coloring a few facts to suit myself; that I tell him that, when I met you first, you were in rags in the streets of Paris, where chastity even in childhood is a thing unknown; that, struck by the beauty of your face, I placed you in the care of the Sisters of St. Cecelia; that I grew to love you, and would have made you my wife, only the teaching of the early years of your previous life could not be eradicated; that, though now you have more than one lover in secret. Suppose I do this, and, asserting that you are only my mistress, challenge you to prove you are my wife."

She caught at the last suggestion eagerly, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"What am not lawfully your wife?"

"You are too fast, madam. I did not say so. I only said I could prove either at my pleasure, while in either case you are powerless."

"I deny you, then! I will swear the marriage was only a form."

"You are, then, prepared to perjure yourself? You know the marriage was no sham. You know it was an ordained priest who performed the ceremony. You know as well as you live that you are my wife?"

Her head drooped on her breast, her hands fell to her side in mute despair.

"Yes, God help me, I do!" she wailed.

"You see, it is no use for you and I to quarrel, Estelle," he went on, after a pause and in a softer tone than he had yet used. "Why cannot you be reasonable, and let us work together? I give you credit for the idea of the proposition to Lord C——; by the way, I hear you give another of your elegant little suppers to-night. It is too bad to part husband and wife as we are parted, and I shall consider myself an invited guest. Till then *au revoir, ma belle*."

He strolled leisurely from the room as he uttered the last words, whistling an aria from the opera as he went, while Estelle, sinking into a chair, was buried in thought. For more than half an hour she still sat there without moving her position, until at last she rose with a look of determination upon her face, and, crossing the room to her desk, began to write rapidly. She felt that she could endure this unceasing persecution no longer—that it must cease or her reason would desert her; and a desperate idea, long lingering in her mind, had at last assumed definite shape and taken possession of her.

CHAPTER V.—THE SUPPER.

The same night as the interview recorded in the previous chapter the opera was produced as usual, and as usual received with tumultuous applause. The prima-donna excelled herself. People mentioning it afterwards spoke of her as one inspired.

The piece over, Estelle was driven home, where her presence as hostess was required. She looked forward to the supper with anything but pleasure. Everything had ceased giving her any happiness under the weight of her cruel destiny. If she had any fortune to tell her, it was with any expectation of relief, that the hope was blighted in the bud by that knowledge that the man who was tracking her to desperation was to be one of the guests. Only the resolution she had formed supported her. She still had a part to play—a part she must either play or die.

When she reached her house and descended to the drawing-room she found that her guests for the most part had arrived. Among the first arrivals had been the Count Valdimir. Double-dyed and execrable villain though he might be, he had a certain fascination of manner that was irresistible when he so chose. To-night he had evidently exerted himself to the utmost, and had successfully ingratiated himself into the good opinions of all present.

The supper went off with the success for which Estelle's little entertainments had already gained quite a celebrity. Not a word was uttered that could offend the ear of the most prudish, there was an air of unrestraint and freedom about it utterly different from the mere matter-of-form and icily dignified parties that the orthodox world chooses to set up as the pattern of social enjoyment. On the present occasion the company were not, as before, strictly limited to the dramatic profession; and, though the majority were on the boards or connected with the press, almost every department of the arts was represented. Besides the three or four professional ladies, there were a dramatist or two, a popular novelist, a celebrated composer, a rising young poet, and more than one artist whose name, although not graced by the initials of the Royal Academy yet, was well known to the public. With such a judicious mixture it was impossible that the conversation could be rapid and if there was a good deal of "shop" talked, there was at least sufficient variety to save it from becoming wearisome.

"I am at a loss how to finish my new story," the novelist, warming with the hostess' generous wine, chanced to say. "I have filled two volumes with the agonies of an impossibly virtuous wife tormented by a villainous husband, and am at a stand-still whether in the last volume to reconcile them with a fit of remorse overpowering the villain, and make them live forever happily afterwards, or make the woman turn like a crushed worm, and, after doing something desperate, die of remorse."

"The last is more the style now adays," another answered. "All the later lady-novelists refuse to allow either hero or heroine to survive, or, if they do, all hope of future happiness has vanished."

"It is at least true to nature," someone else struck in, "whereas the felicitous snap is not."

"Yes, but the general reader does not admire anything natural, the divine William to the contrary notwithstanding," another speaker answered, as the whole company seemed gradually to drift in to the discussion.

"And that in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom is another fallacious theory," the novelist said, with a laugh. "I am more at sea as to my sequel than ever. If the ladies will do me the honor to decide, I will accept their verdict as final."

"In that case," one of the ladies said laughingly, "suppose we resolve ourselves into a committee of one, and leave it to our hostess."

"This seems to be regularly begging the question," Estelle answered lightly. "Why not adhere still more closely to nature, and leave it to chance?"

"A bargain," the novelist said, taking a coin from his pocket. "It shall be done in the most primitive style. What shall it be, Miss Estelle? Heads or tails?"

Estelle leaned forward with an eagerness that surprised even herself.

"Heads, they will be reconciled," she said, more earnestly than the subject seemed to call for. "Tails, and they will drift apart and die in wretchedness and despair."

The tone of her voice and the eagerness with which she bent forward to learn the result caused the Count Valdimir to glance at her in utter surprise. Perhaps some vague suspicion had sprung to life in his mind that in the fate of the fictitious heroine it was her own she was deciding.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, Miss Estelle," said the author as the coin fell upon the table. "Heads have won, and you have the thanks of two more hearts made happy."

Again the Count, looking at her, was puzzled by the expression of her face. She was silent for a moment or two, but at length she broke into some jesting reply, and the conversation soon drifted into other channels.

The time passed so pleasantly that, before the guests were aware how it had gone, the striking of the clock warned them that it was time to depart. Bidding their hostess good-night, they one by one departed, until only Estelle and the Count remained.

"Allow me also to thank you," the latter said, in the sarcastic tone habitual to him when addressing her, "for the delightful entertainment you have given us this evening."

She had sunk into a chair and made no reply, while her husband, looking at her, saw with surprise that a tear was trickling down her cheek.

"Paul," she said at length, "come and sit beside me. I wish to speak with you."

More completely taken by surprise than if she had suddenly leveled a pistol at his heart, in silence he crossed the room and did as she desired.

"You heard my decision to-night as to the fictitious husband and wife?" she said, laying her hand softly upon his arm as she spoke.

Still wondering, he signified his assent. In an instant the mad cast herself into the throw.

"Paul," she cried entreatingly, "let the throw also decide our fate. I cannot live as I am doing now, or I shall go mad. You know I loved you and you loved me once. Try once more to teach me to love you, and I will endure any hardship for your sake; but live on as I am doing now I cannot, for it will kill me."

She might as well have appealed to a man of bronze, for any feeling of remorse for his acts or pity for her that it awakened in his callous heart. Still, in spite of himself, he was not insensible to her beauty of face and form, and the genius that burned within her quickened his reason, and made him believe the words were real. He forgot that she was a great actress, and that he had driven her to desperation. He remembered only that she had never before stooped to plead with him. He imagined she was weakening to his will, and was glad of the mood in which she worked still further upon, would make her subservient and the tool of his base designs.

"The feud was not of my making, Estelle," he said in a tone of simulated tenderness. "My love for you has never died, and my acts, which now fill me with remorse, were the result of weakness against the force of circumstances and the need of money."

The tone of regret that vibrated in his voice would have deceived most women, but Estelle knew it was but feigned. She knew his heart was as evil as ever it had been, and that, like herself, he was but playing a part. Spite of herself, she could not repress an involuntary shudder as he placed his arm about her waist and drew her nearer to him.

"It is very cold," she said, rising hastily. "I got chilled in the dressing-room, and I have been shivering ever since."

As she spoke she crossed the room to the table, and, raising the decanter, poured out two glasses of wine.

"Drink with me, Paul," she said, "to cement our reconciliation."

Infatuated for a moment, a thousand passions [illegible] lips as [illegible] the lounge by his side.

"Do you remember, Paul," she said coaxingly, "the night that you met me walking in the woods of the St. Francis, and you came riding past with the young lord of the chateau?"

He made an affirmative reply. All suspicions, if he had harbored any, had vanished, and he talked about her curiously. It was a new study to him in the manifold mysteries of the feminine heart, and, as she still prattled on of the incidents of their brief courtship, he was trying to find the key to it. Suddenly, however, all his first suspicions came back with redoubled force, as he felt a deadly faintness and languor stealing over him. Rallying all his strength of will, he strove to spring from his seat, but the drug he had swallowed had done its work too insidiously. He could but form his lips into an unintelligible jargon of meaningless sounds; then his head drooped heavily upon his breast, and he sank back in a state of utter unconsciousness.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEXT MORNING.

Her hands clasped wildly to her forehead, and a very whirlwind of mingled frenzy and triumph sweeping through her breast, Estelle rose from beside the unconscious man. For a moment or two it seemed to her as if with the reaction of her pent-up feelings she must faint. Only the thought that as yet she had but partially triumphed sustained her. The desperate scheme she had determined upon was only just begun.

Still, so weak had both her vital and mental force become from the long-sustained strain upon them that she almost repented of what she had done. Of what avail had been the degradation and the sacrifice she was about to make? To relinquish all the fame she had won for the privilege of going out alone again to a hand-to-hand struggle with the world for a bare existence. Would it not have been better to have once more stood before the audience, and, with their plaudits still in her ears and the incense of their admiration around her, there have died like the voluptuous Egyptian queen, even in death triumphant?

A weaker woman than she might even then have done so, but the shadow of a great vague hope restrained her. Until all hope is lost, the strongest bodies cannot die, and it was for the sake of this shadow of a hope she lived. She loved Lord Clavers, and it was for the thought that some day this love might arise glorified from the shadows around it that she was leaving fame behind her and going into exile.

She had dismissed her maid more than an hour before, and, passing from the boudoir into the adjoining bedchamber, she removed her evening dress and arranged herself in a plain traveling-suit. A small valise was already packed with her most valuable jewels and a few necessary articles of apparel, and, taking it in her hand, she returned to the boudoir. For a moment she paused, regarding the heavily breathing man who lay upon the lounge with a glance such as might be inspired by some deadly, slumbering reptile. Then, passing from the room, noiselessly and not locking the door, she descended the stairs, and a few moments later stood in the street.

A cab chanced to be slowly passing, and she hailed it at once. The man was inclined to be surly at first, saying his horse was too tired: but the promise of double fare quickly restored his complacency, and, entering, she ordered him to drive to the Royal Arlington Theatre.

The doorkeeper lived in a small house in the side-street where the stage-entrance was. She knew the rooms he occupied, and was pleased to see a light still burning in the window. She rang the bell, and in a few minutes the door was opened by the doorkeeper himself, who looked the surprise he felt at seeing Miss Mordaunt there at such an hour. The words that were rising to his lips she checked with an impatient gesture.

"I am called away from the city very suddenly," she said, "and I want to entrust you with a message. Do you know Lord Clavers?"

"The 'andsome young gentleman which, beggin' your pardon, does often come to see you 'ome? Yes, miss, I knows him well."

"Do you know where he lives?"

The man scratched his head dubiously. Then an inspiration seemed to strike him.

"I can't say as I do, miss, perzactly; but I can find out. The manager will be sure to know."

"There is no need to ask anyone. He lives in Belgravia. The number is on this card. Take this there early to-morrow morning, and give it into no one's hands but his own."

As she spoke she drew a small packet from her bosom and gave it, with the card, into his hands. It was closely sealed, but bore no address.

"You will not lose it or give it to any person but himself?" she asked anxiously.

"I know my business, miss, and you can depend upon me."

"Very well," she said, placing a sovereign in his hand. "Remember, early in the morning, and give it to no one but himself."

"I'll not forget, miss," the man said, and, thanking him, Estelle moved away to where the cab was waiting, at the corner of the street. Once more seating herself, she gave the driver orders to drive at once to the railway-station. In less than half an hour the station was reached. As she entered the depot the clocks were striking two, and the express-train for Dover was just on the point of starting.

Ten minutes later she was dashing towards the coast at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When the dawn broke, with a purple glory on sky and sea, she stood watching the white cliffs fade into the distance from the deck of the steamer for Calais.

It was nearly an hour later before the same dawn penetrated the fog and smoke that brooded like some gigantic bird with outstretched wings above London, and the streets began to resound with the footsteps of its busy millions as they hurried to begin a new day's work. It was two hours and more later when Mademoiselle Finette, Miss Estelle Mordaunt's maid, arose, and, proceeding to her mistress' boudoir, was surprised to find the door locked.

"Probably mamselle has a reason for it," she was good enough to say, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders, and then she went downstairs to discuss the guests of the previous evening's supper with M. Alphonse Filot, the *chef*, who, if young as yet, had genius, and was sure to rise in his profession.

Evidently Mademoiselle Finette found his conversation more than usually entertaining on that particular morning; for, when the clock struck twelve, and still her mistress' bell had not rung, she started up with a little shriek of surprise, and ran upstairs in a most artlessly innocent and captivating way. In the hall she met Mr. Lawdon, the manager of the Royal Arlington, who appeared to be very much out of temper, and demanded to see Miss Mordaunt at once. Yielding at last to his persuasions, Finette consented to try and awake her mistress. Her loudest knocking, however, could elicit no response, and after an hour or more had passed in fruitless endeavors the manager took it upon himself to summon the aid of a policeman and have the door opened.

Then the secret of the silence was revealed. Upon the table lay the remains of supper, with wine and glasses, but the mistress was in neither the boudoir nor the bedchamber. Instead, upon one of the satin-covered lounges in the outer apartment, lay the body of a man stabbed to the heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

McFOD GOES TO "ATLANTIC CITY."

BY AN OLD OFFENDER.

Jane Ann an' meself have a'most been in hoults two or three times this week bekase I wint away down till Atlantic City on Winsday last, with the "Knights av Brumagen," I think they calls them. I stopped intill William John Given's hotel, on Marlborough st.breet, on Monday lasht, an' nothin' wud do William John bud I must promise till come down till Atlantic City wuth them.

"Bud," sez I till him, sez I, "William John, I'm lukin' out for an office, an' I'm afeered, be heavens! till lave the town for fear that some wan will get the bulge an me in regyards till it."

"Oh, nuver fear," sez William John; "there will be no harrum in lavin' for wan day; an'" sez he, "there will be a grate dale av your acquaintance at it; bud phat office is it that ye're lukin for?" sez he.

"It's till be the Crowner," sez I.

"My!" sez he, "bud ye're the foolidge mons sure ye will have no show for thon place," sez he.

"D'ye think wull I not?" sez I. "Phat's the rayson?"

"Bekase," sez he, "there's a grate mony that's a grate dale farder forred nor you are, polatically, that are cocksure av it. I hear," sez he, "that Tam Powers as gude as has it this minute."

"I don't believe it," sez I; "for there's Mac that's forninst him tooth and nail," sez I.

"Well, that's so, too," sez he, "an' Mac's a bad mon till have for an anta-*go*-nist; but ye might as well go wuth us on Winsday, an' av there's ony word av it comin' yer way, it will be better for till have it come out in the papers that 'phin McFod wint to Atlantic City on Winsday last, an' 'phin he kem down, an' didn't come on unbeknownst till do purty soon it will stan' ye in hand till practize livin' on wund; for, be heavens!" sez she, "I'm afeerd that ye will come till it," sez she.

"Oh, well," sez I, "it's an old sayin' that 'it's time enough till bild Dwird gude-morning when ye meet him,' so it is, and it's no got till be as bad as that yet."

So I tuk up me dusther, not that I wanted it, bud I tuk it be the way av lettin' the nabors know I wor for the road. An' phin I got over till the brain, the sivents the half av Kensington wor there, an' I never met such a lot an' could be count. There wor Ike Lysther, an' Archie Garvin, an' Sam Currie, an' John Martin, the Highway Commissioner, an', be the same token, he had as purty a girl wuth him as I uver left an eye on, an' dear knows how many more. An' av I hadent such an a time this money's the day. An' I'm sure there wor no follyers av Doctther Tanner in thon crowd, for the atin' an' dhrinkin' wor past conjactyer. An' along in the afthernoon Sam Currie med me acquainted wuth a very fine lady, an' her an' meself tuk a walk along the bache, an' I consated that she wor the daughter av wan av the quality, bekase there wor so mony men that knew her, an' I cud hear the remarks passed. As I wint along wan wud say: "Who's thon fine-lukin' girl that McFod has anunther his oxther?" An' another wud make answer an' say: "I'm afeerd she's purty near Mag'," Bud av coorse I resumed it in all politeness, an' I'm afeerd I uver saw a woman wuth such an appetite for atin' an' dhrinkin'. Ice-crame an' clam-soup an' wathermullion an' beer. An' at the latter end she wanted me for till take her in till bathe, an' I tould her that the doctthers forbid me bathin'; bud, be the same token, I never afeerd I wud get the dye washed aff me whusker, for thon wather me was awful badly. So I tuk her back to Sam Currie again, an' I wint up the length av Major McCuen's, an' the news wor there that Tam Powers wor appointed for Crowner.

"Oh, well," sez I till the major, "the thing is comin' purty near till me now, an Tam is from the same ward wuth me, an' it surely must come my turn purty soon," sez I.

"Yes," sez the major, "ye kem as near till it this time as the woman did till havin' twuns."

"How's thon?" sez I.

"Ye kem wuthin wan av it," sez he.

"Oh, go way wuth ye," sez I. "Bud," sez I, "I must luk out an' sthrive till get in anunther Tam. D'ye know," sez I, "is there ony wan talked av for his dapety, major?" sez I.

"Fhy," sez the major, "Misther Frank Bonham is sthrongly urged for it be the clarsy av Philadelphia an' a grate many others, forby."

"Phat call has he till it more nor another?" says I.

"Bekase av his char-ac-ther bein' so much like the immortial George Washington," sez he.

"In which regyard?" sez I.

"Bekase he never wud tell a lie," sez the major. "I was gott in a bit av a throuble wanst, nuver I wud resthrain meself," sez I. "So gude-day till ye, major, for I must be lukin' up me influens, so I must let no grass grow anunther me feet," sez I.

So, barrin' bein' a thrifle the worse av liker phin I got home, I wor all right. Bud, be heavens! phin I was in me bed I was afeerd I wint in for be rayson enough, for av some woman hadent tould Jane Ann she wor goin's on wuth "Meg" the day beloor an' she wor just takin' buck leps through the flure phin I kem down.

"Who wor thon idle huzzy ye wor thrapesin' around at the sayshor wuth Ador wuth yesterday?" sez she.

"Is it me?" sez I. "Well, luk at that, now," sez I. "Jane Ann, I can bring plenty wutness, gude Protestant wutness, too, that dident see me spake till a woman, not alone walk wuth wan, yesterday," sez I.

"Ye're a liar!" sez she. "An' I wudent believe ye av ye s'ore till it. Bud nuver mind; I'll find ye out; an' av I do, luk out for yerself, for this wull be a warrum house for ye. An' av I find out the huzzy ye wor wuth, I'll lave her mouth that it wull not hould soup for wan phile, I'll hould ye for five dollars I wull."

So I consated the aisyest way wor the best, an' I cleared meself as soon as possible, an' wint down the length av the Accorder's office to see cud I come on Tam; an' may I nuver see glory! bud the sidewalk wor packed wuth men that wor on the same buzness wuth meself, clane out till the cribstone.

"Well," sez I till meself, "this bates cockfightin'." Bud I wor given till untherstan' on the quite that Tam wor in Horrisburg, an' there wud be nothin' done thon day. So I saw me ould friend James McMullin, the gentlemanly Post-offis clark, across the sthreet, and he wor winkin' in a very mystarious monner for me till come till the wan side.

"Did ye hear the news?" sez he.

"In regyards to the Crownership?" sez I.

"No," sez he; "in regyards till the Postmaster. There's a new wan goin' in," sez he; "bud ye mustent let on yerself who tould ye till it comes out."

"Dommit! d'ye tell me so?" sez I. "Who is it? Is it Pether Widener that's got it?"

"No," sez he. "It's General Hidethecooper his name is," sez James.

"An' phin did yez find it out?" sez I.

"Just the day," sez he, "all bud Mr. James Fireburn, an' he knew it long since."

"Tyoth," sez I, "I must luk about me now, sure enough, for here's fresh paper goin' in on all hands."

An' I stharted till look up Mister Fireburn, till get the particulers, an' see end I get some pointers av there's goin' till be ony changes; bud I'm afeerd be heavens! that huz that's been in the ould ring are goin' till be downed now.

Bud I wor no able till cum on Mister Fireburn—and I preshume for the rayson that he wor takin' time by the footlock, and wor entertainin' Colonel Hidethecooper wuth the importance of Mistner Jeems Fireburn in the Post-offis, an', be heavens! I guess he's right, for av onything wor till happen that Fireburn wor till loss his grip in the offis, I don't know phat wud come av the postal-service. For thon rayson I here take grate playsure in recommending the said Fireburn to the gude offices av the new mon av letthers.

DAN SHELBY,

who has furnished us with the principal features of his professional life, was born Jan. 11, 1838, on Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, Pa., which was the site of terrible slaughter in a closely-contested battle during our late Civil War. The subject of our sketch was then known as Daniel J. Macher, and how for professional purposes he assumed the name of Shelby will be told by-and-bye. When he was two years old his parents crossed the Alleghany Mountains in a one-horse wagon, and settled in Dayton, O. In 1847 his father died, leaving a widow and five children, or, more correctly speaking, four, as one was not born until six months after its father's demise. During his last illness he called Daniel to his bedside and said to him: "You are the oldest, my boy, and as you grow up think of your sisters and brothers"—an injunction which Mr. Shelby now feels proud of, having faithfully observed. When ten years of age Daniel went to work on a farm for two dollars per month, and received in payment for his services buckwheat instead of cash. Subsequently he was apprenticed to James Fellows, a tailor; but, not liking the business, at the expiration of two years' service he, with his mother's consent, asked for a release from his indentures, which was accorded him. At that time the Phillips House, in Dayton, was about being completed. Daniel obtained a situation as bellboy, and answered the first bell rung in that hotel after it was opened to the public. Among the guests soon after was a well-known minstrel troupe, including Sam Wells, Billy Birch, "Young Dan Emmett" (Harry Huntington), Master Marks (R. M. Carroll), Johnny Adams, Dick Moore and others. In return for getting some sand for Master Marks to use while dancing, and for carrying Billy Birch's stage-shirt and big collar from the washerwoman's to the hall, he was given a free pass to the show, the witnessing of which became a turning-point in his life. His youthful imagination was fired with the desire to become a minstrel, and he started from home in quest of adventure. He wandered as far as New Orleans, La., and, finding no chance to get upon the minstrel stage, returned home, and after a short sojourn went to Richmond, Ind., where he joined a four-man minstrel company, which, however, contained two professionals—George Williams, a jig-dancer, and George Brown, a banjo-player. At a performance given in a town near by—Paris—in 1853, Mr. Shelby first blacked up and occupied the tambourine-end in public. From this early spoke he never has been severed in professional life, although he performed with no companies of note until 1859. During his early career he joined a snap-company going on the road from St. Louis, Mo., under the management of Joe Kelly, banjoist, who said to him: "Your name, Macher, does not look well upon a poster, and I will call you Dan Shelby;" which was done, and that name has been used by him ever since. In 1859 he was engaged as comedian with Bealer's Campbell Minstrels, in St. Louis, Mo., Sam Ryan being the manager. Among the company were Harry Pell, Frank Bealer, Sam Ryan, Kate Denin, Wm. Hayward, Wm. Randall, Tim Price, Johnny Corcoran, and J. V. Chadduck. He next joined Spalding & Rogers' Circus, remaining during the seasons of 1860 and 1861, and subsequently Jenks' Empire Minstrels, a New Orleans, La., organization. Mr. Shelby first played on the variety stage in Esher's Palace Theatre, Cincinnati, O., going thence to Pelby's Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa.; to Keller's, Detroit, Mich.; and George Lea's Melodeon, on Broadway, in this city. The following Summer he traveled with Yankee Robinson's Circus, and in the Fall fulfilled an engagement with Robert Butler at 444 Broadway, New York City, after which he went to Detroit, Mich., having been the first performer engaged by Charles M. Welch on his becoming a manager. After fulfilling a number of engagements in Western cities, including Chicago, and playing another Summer with Yankee Robinson's Circus, he returned to this city. He was engaged by T. Brigham Bishop for his circuit, in Chattanooga, Tenn., Knoxville and Atlanta, Ga., where the audiences were composed chiefly of soldiers under Gen. Thomas' command. After completing this engagement, he put Dan Shelby's Minstrels on the road for the first time. Manning and Shelby's Minstrels followed, and Eddie Fox was the leader of the orchestra, and among the company were Bob Hart, Dick Parker, and Kelly and Keegan, clog-dancers. The career of the troupe was brief, and terminated just after the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Shelby then accepted a season's engagement at Chadwick's Bearden-street Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where he opened in a sketch called "The Three O'clock Train," in which he made so marked a hit that it was played nearly the entire season. In the Summer of 1867 he traveled with Maginley & Carroll's Circus, and in the Fall and Winter he managed the Academy of Music, Columbus, O., for Col. Neary, meeting with success. In the following Spring, in copartnership with Charles B. Reynolds, he started a company on the road; but, as it rained for six consecutive weeks, the treasury became so depleted that "the ascension" took place in a small town in Indiana, and the show was never heard from. Holiday entertainments in Quintland's Park, Milwaukee, Wis., and the first attraction he presented—Ella La Rue, tight-rope artist—was so skillfully managed that some eight thousand persons attended. Owing to a misunderstanding between the proprietor and Mr. Shelby concerning a percentage of the receipts of the horse-railroads running to the Park, which Mr. Shelby considered his personal perquisites, the last named resigned the management after the following Sunday, and took that of the George W. De-E. Mr. Hall, Bob Lindley, R. O. Hudson, Pendy and Devere and Wm. Heywood. At the time of their starting from Chicago, Ill., three other companies left within two days—J. Haverly, with Arlington's Minstrels, Sharpley & Cotton and Kelly & Leon's. The following Spring he joined Fred Wilson's Minstrels in their Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., and from there went to Deagle's Theatre for a season. He next embarked successfully in business for himself in Terre Haute, Ind., and then put a minstrel and variety company on the road. The following Winter he opened a variety theatre in Indianapolis, Ind., which, owing to the aid accorded him by the Hon. Daniel Macauley and other influential citizens, proved highly successful. The property was at length sold to other parties, who would not lease it for amusement purposes, and Mr. Shelby left for Buffalo, N. Y., where in March, 1871, he opened a variety theatre, from the management of which he retired only a few weeks ago. It had been his custom at the close of every season—save the past two—to take his company on a brief tour. As during those trips he purposely abstained from visiting Indianapolis for a period of four years, when he did return there he found that the Academy of Music was unable to accommodate one-half of the people who applied for admission, the receipts being $915, which is believed to be the largest amount ever received there for similar performances. *The Buffalo Courier* of July 7, 1880, says of Mr. Shelby:

Manager Shelby yesterday executed a sub-lease of the Adelphi Theatre to Messrs. Joe Lang and E. Tralles for a term of ten months, and retires from the management, never to resume it. In all probability Mr. Shelby has not fallen into good hands, but of this more at another time. Just how we have to deal with Mr. Shelby, and we have to express our sincere sorrow at his retiring. He has been manager of the Adelphi for nearly ten years, and in all that time he has shown himself enterprising, industrious and honest. He has refused to cater to depraved tastes, even when it might have proved profitable, and from the start of his career among us he lifted the novelty stage from an exceedingly degraded position to a standard of excellence not surpassed in this country. His influence has been far-reaching for good, inasmuch as his example has been felt in all the large cities where variety performances are encouraged. Mr. Shelby retires from the business which always been prosperous, but never more so than last season; and he does so because close confinement to business and an almost continuous indoor life were undermining his health. His physicians presented the alternative of quitting the business or a complete breakdown, and he at once resolved that wisdom is the better part of valor. Mr. Shelby is able to retire; but it is altogether probable that, after the year's rest and recreation which he proposes, he will find himself actively at work in a wider but less confining field of managerial labor. He has ability, energy, enterprise and the tact to place him in the leading rank of managers, and whenever he sees fit to take the position which belongs to him we wish him an abundance of prosperity. The following is

A CARD FROM MR. SHELBY.

TO THE PUBLIC: In compliance with the advice of my physicians, I this day withdraw from the management of the novelty theatre which has borne my name for nearly ten years past; and it is with a feeling of sincere regret that I thus separate myself from the patrons and friends of the Adelphi, who have been kind to me in every way. To the public of Buffalo I feel grateful beyond expression. While I have worked to the utmost of my ability to supply them with harmless amusement, they have rewarded me generously, and have stood by me like true friends. To the press of the city, in which, as a citizen of Buffalo, I have always taken a just pride, I beg to acknowledge an indebtedness which I never can repay. To my members I have always received the kindest treatment, and I have never looked in vain for the encouragement which every manager needs in the discharge of his arduous duties. Buffalo has always been my friend, and I shall always consider myself her most grateful debtor.

Buffalo, July 7, 1880. DAN SHELBY.

Mr. Shelby informs us that he does not intend to retire from professional life, but that he is ready to negotiate with proprietors of first-class theatres for a lease of their buildings, or he will take a share with any lessee, or interest himself with any first-class star or combination.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Blind.

BY WILLIE CARTER. DEDICATED TO FRANK LEWIS.

Hush, dear papa, do not weep—
Do not grieve those hairs of gray;
Kiss your little dear to sleep,
Wipe those scalding tears away.
Though I cannot see the meadows,
Where the sheaves the reapers bind,
Still I hear the robins singing,
Though your little darling's blind.

Papa, dear, the morn is breaking,
The dew-drops flash each blade and spray,
And the song-birds are awaking
At the dawning of the day.
Do you hear among the tree-tops
The gentle sighing of the wind?
Father, dear, please cease your crying,
Though your little darling's blind.

Papa, dearest, fold me closer
To your warm and loving heart;
Take me in your arms and kiss me—
Soon we'll meet to never part.
Now I'm going to meet dear mother;
Please, dear papa, don't repine,
For in the skies away up yonder
Your little darling won't be blind.

Greenville, S. C.

Patrick Maloney, You are So Sweet.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRY S. SARGENT.

I'm one of the swells, as you can all see;
I mash all the gals I come from Tralee;
Out on the walk they say I'm afraid,
For they wink, and they blink, and they smile.
They say I'm their darling, their own little dear;
They smile at me sweet, and make me feel queer;
And when I walk out on the street every day
The girls passing by you might hear them all say that:
Chorus.—I am a masher, I cut a dash a-
Mong the young girls in the street.
Aint he a daisy? sez the girls crazy—
Patrick Maloney, you are so sweet.

My costume's so fine it can't be excelled;
My hat's of the line that is ever expelled;
My high-water pants they make the gawks stare,
And the very next day they wonder a pair.
For they say I'm the go when it catches them all,
And tell me I'm other wise ignoramuses call;
But when I "mashay" in my Sunday reserve
The party young girls are all sure to observe that:
Chorus.—I'm a masher, etc.

THE hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring. If you don't think so, watch any young lady of your acquaintance who is about to realize the peculiar sensation.

WHEN a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.

THE TURF.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

There was another large assemblage on the fifth regular day of the Saratoga meeting, July 27, when the opening event was a mile dash, for $350, of which $50 to second. It was no race at all, Luke Blackburn (102lbs) being so immeasurably the superior of his only opponent, Crouse's Turfman. Time, 1:43¾..... This was succeeded by a mile-and-a-half run, $500, entrance $15 each, for which a half dozen started, viz., Burch's Colonel Sprague (95), Bell's Franklin (111), Caldwell's Mary Anderson (91), Crouse's Dawn (84), Keene's Miser (89), and Grinstead's Jim Beck (102). Colonel Sprague was off with the lead, which was held in turn by him, Franklin (the favorite) and Miser, the former ultimately landing the race by a half length from Franklin, who was a length before Mary Anderson, the latter a half length before Dawn. Time, 2:43¾..... The third event was the Saratoga Stakes, for two-year-olds, $100 each, half forfeit, $700 added, second to receive $200, three-quarters of a mile. The starters were Bowie's Crickmore (107), Burnham's Brambaletta (107) and By-the-way (107), Reed's Hermit (110) McGrath's Calycanthus (110) and Clabaugh's Potomac (110). Hermit jumped away in advance, and kept there past the half-mile pole, but going around the lower turn Brambaletta forged ahead, Crickmore also passing H

HAMILTON—First Inning.			
Wolverton, run out	1	Park, run out	0
A. Hope c. Moore b. Lane	36	Harvey b. Sprague	11
Hyman b. Lane	2	Rogers c. Lane b. Sprague	1
Simonds l. b. w. b. Lane	16	Ferrie, not out	0
R. Hope, run out	18	Extras	17
Swinyard c. Bingham b. Lane	0	Total	119
Kennedy c. sub. b. Lane	17		

Hamilton, second inning—Woolverton, not out, 2; A. Hope, not out, 5. Total, 7.

FALL OF WICKETS—STATEN ISLAND.

First Inning	5	12	14	27	27	18	34	42	42	49—49
Second Inning	10	11	35	43	45					—62
Hamilton	6	9	46	76	76	92	92	110	119	119

BASEBALL.

NATIONAL vs. CHICAGO.

The Nationals by superior batting defeated the Chicagos in a remarkable contest of twelve innings at Springfield, Mass., July 26, in the presence of about 1,000 people. Poorman pitched and Kelly caught for the Chicagos, while Corcoran played centre field and Gore was laid off. Safe hits by Baker, Lynch and McClellan earned a run for the Nationals in the fifth inning, and the Chicagos tied the score in the seventh, when they made their only run on Flint's two-bagger, a passed ball and a sacrifice-hit. The Nationals should have won in the tenth inning but for a seemingly deliberate bit of foul play on the part of one of the Chicagos, and the last man, by the way, whom one would suspect of such conduct. Baker had made his third safe hit, stole second, and in attempting to score on Lynch's sacrifice-fly was, it is alleged, purposely prevented from doing so by Williamson, who held him on third base, and this palpable obstruction of a base-runner was allowed to pass unnoticed by the umpire on the plea that he "didn't see it." The only parallel case that we know of was in an Athletic-Boston game some seasons ago, when Anson prevented Barnes from making the winning run. The Nationals, however, made the winning run in the twelfth inning on Powell's two-baser to right field, followed by Snyder's hit over Corcoran's head, bringing Powell home amid tremendous applause. Baker's batting and the splendid pitching and catching of Lynch and Snyder were the chief features.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.	5	0	0	2	1	0	McClellan, s. s.	5	0	2	1	1	0
Kelly, c.	5	0	0	5	3	0	Mansell, l. f.	5	0	0	3	0	2
Williamson, 3b	5	0	1	1	2	0	Morrisey, 3b	5	0	1	2	3	2
Anson, 1st b.	5	0	2	15	0	0	Derby, r. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Poorman, p.	5	0	0	0	4	0	Gerhardt, 2b	5	0	1	5	2	0
Burns, s. s.	5	0	1	0	5	2	Powell, 1b	5	1	1	10	0	0
Corcoran, c. f.	5	0	0	3	0	1	Snyder, c.	5	0	1	10	4	0
Flint, r. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	Baker, c. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Quest, 2d b.	5	0	1	5	2	1	Lynch, p.	4	0	1	2	9	1
Totals	45	1	6	33	18	4	Totals	43	2	10	36	22	7

Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
National	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Earned runs—National, 2. Two-base hits—Morrisey, Gerhardt, Powell, Snyder, Burns, Flint. First base on balls—Mansell, Williamson, Anson. First base on errors—National, 3; Chicago, 5. Struck out—Chicago, 7; National, 3. Balls called—Lynch, 102; Poorman, 95. Strikes called—Lynch, 20; Poorman, 17. Double-play—Flint and Anson. Passed ball—Snyder. Umpire, Clapp of the Cincinnatis. Time, 2h. 25m.

CLEVELAND vs. BOSTON.

The seventh game between the above-named clubs was played on July 27 at Boston, Mass., and attracted about five hundred spectators. The first inning settled the question of victory in favor of he Clevelands, and also ended the run-getting. The Clevelands went first to the bat, and by five safe hits, including a two-bagger by Hanlon, earned four runs, and a muffed fly by Foley yielded them another run. James O'Rourke got first base on called balls, and Jones followed with a single, both being enabled to score runs for the Bostons by Richmond's two-baser and two wild pitches. In the fourth inning, Richmond, while trying to make three bases on his long hit, collided with Glasscock, and this lost the Bostons a chance of making another run. Three of the Clevelands were caught napping at first base. Richmond alone did any batting for the Bostons, he making a safe hit each time he went to the bat, including two two-basers. Dunlap's second-base play and Trott's catching were noteworthy points of the generally good fielding.

CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dunlap, 2b.	5	1	2	5	3	0	Foley, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Shaffer, r. f.	4	1	2	3	0	0	Jas O'Ro'e, 3b	4	1	0	0	1	1
Hotaling, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Jones, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hanlon, 1. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	Burdock, 2b.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Kennedy, c.	4	0	0	4	2	0	Richmond, ss.	4	0	4	2	3	0
Phillips, 1b.	4	1	2	10	0	0	Morrill, 1b.	4	0	0	10	1	0
Hankin'n, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0	Wood, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
M'Cormick, p	4	0	1	2	4	0	Bond, p.	3	0	0	1	7	0
Glasscock, ss	4	0	2	1	3	0	Trott, c.	3	0	0	11	2	1
Totals	37	5	11	27	14	2	Totals	33	2	6	27	17	2

Cleveland	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Cleveland, 4. Two-base hits—Hanlon, Glasscock, Phillips, Richmond (2). First base on balls—James O'Rourke, Morrill. First base on errors—Cleveland, 2. Struck out—Cleveland, 6; Boston, 4. Balls called—McCormick, 94; Bond, 124. Strikes called—McCormick, 43; Bond, 46. Double-play—Cleveland, 1. Wild pitches—McCormick, 2. Umpire, Doscher. Time, 2h.

The Bostons and the Clevelands again met on the former's ground July 29, when the result of the above game was reversed and the visitors were blanked. A change was made in the local nine, both in the field and in the batting order, and it seemed to work well. Sutton reappeared in his old-time position at third base, while James O'Rourke took Foley's place in right field. Bond pitched finely, and but two safe hits were made off him, both in the eighth inning. The Bostons bunched seven of their hits in the fourth inning, and added another three being the result of Glasscock's wild throw and Shaffer's muffed fly. Rain stopped the game for nearly half an hour in the third inning. Dunlap fielded finely for the visitors, making an especially excellent stop of a hot one sent by Jones, which seemed good for a base-hit instead of an out. James O'Rourke made a splendid running-catch in the right field, and Richmond played remarkably well at short-stop for the Bostons.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Richmond, ss	5	0	3	0	3	0	Dunlap, 2b	4	0	0	3	6	0
Jones, l. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0	Shaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	1	4	2	1	Hotaling, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Jas R'o'e, r. f.	4	1	2	1	1	0	Hanlon, 1. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Sutton, 3b.	4	1	2	2	1	0	Kennedy, c.	3	0	1	4	0	3
Morrill, 1b.	4	2	2	12	0	0	Phillips, 1b.	3	0	0	12	0	0
Jas R'o'e, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Hankin'n, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Bond, p.	4	0	1	2	4	0	M'Cormick, p	3	0	0	1	1	0
Trott, c.	4	1	1	3	2	0	Glasscock, ss	3	0	0	3	2	1
Totals	39	7	9	27	14	1	Totals	30	0	2	27	9	6

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	0—7
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Boston, 4. Two-base hits—Jas. O'Rourke, Sutton, John O'Rourke. First base on balls—Cleveland, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 3; Cleveland 1. Struck out—Cleveland, 2. Balls called—Bond, 95; McCormick, 98. Strikes called—Bond, 23; McCormick, 34. Double-play—Cleveland, 1. Umpire, Doescher. Time, 2h. 20m.

PROVIDENCE vs. CHICAGO.

The Chicagos received their first defeat by the Providence Club on July 27 at Providence, R. I., before nearly 1,500 people, whose delight at the result was unbounded. The Chicagos commenced the run-getting in the second inning, when singles by Burns and Corcoran, a passed ball and Houck's fumbling allowed one man to cross the home-plate. Providence took the lead in the fifth, when Dorgan and Bradley hit safely and scored runs, assisted by Anson's wild throw, a passed ball and Hines' two-bagger. The home-team still further increased their lead in the sixth and eighth innings, Quest muffing two thrown balls, which, with a wild throw by Gore and singles by Ward, Peters, Dorgan and Hines, yielded four more runs. Peters' wild throw gave the Chicagos their second and last run, Williamson completing the circuit of the bases before the ball was found. Ward pitched very effectively and was finely supported. Bradley did the best batting, sending home three men by two timely hits.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PROVID'NCE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0	Hines, c. f.	4	2	0	3	0	0
Gore, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1	Start, 1st b.	4	0	1	9	0	1
Williamson, 3b	4	1	0	1	2	0	Farrell, 2d b.	4	2	3	2	4	1
Anson, 1st b.	4	2	2	14	1	0	Peters, s. s.	4	0	1	1	2	2
Burns, s. s.	4	1	1	1	4	0	Ward, p.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Corcoran, p.	4	0	0	0	8	0	Gross, c.	4	1	1	5	2	1
Flint, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Dorgan, r. f.	4	1	0	3	0	0
Quest, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	4	3	Houck, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	2
Gore, c.	4	0	0	6	2	1	Bradley, 3b	4	1	3	1	0	0
Totals	37	4	5	24	22	7	Totals	36	8	7	27	13	6

Chicago	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—4
Providence	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—5

Two-base hit—Start. Three-base hit—Farrell. First base on balls—Hines (2), Farrell, Anson (2). First base on errors—Providence, 2; Chicago, 6. Struck out—Providence, 6; Chicago, 3. Balls called—Ward, 84; Corcoran, 94. Strikes called—Ward, 22; Corcoran, 24. Passed balls—Gross, 1; Flint, 4. Wild pitch—Corcoran, 1. Umpire, Mr. Furlong. Time, 2h. 12m.

CINCINNATI vs. NATIONAL.

The Cincinnatis on July 28 visited Springfield, Mass., and there defeated the Nationals of Washington after a closely contested game. The Cincinnatis bunched their hits, and, assisted by good base-running and Snyder's errors, secured four runs and the victory. Derby pitched, and an amateur played right field for the Nationals in the absence of Lynch, who was sick. McClellan did the best batting, and was credited with a moiety of the Nationals' safe hits. Clapp's catching was noteworthy. This was the second game between these clubs the Nationals having won the one played at Cincinnati April 17 by a score of 10 to 3. Since that date, however, the Cincinnatis have much improved their nine, while the Nationals were correspondingly weakened by Lynch's absence.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Kessler, s. s.	4	1	3	1	1	0	Purcell, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Purcell, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Clapp, c.	4	1	1	5	1	0
Clapp, c.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Smith, 2b.	4	2	1	5	1	0
Smith, 2b.	4	1	0	2	3	0	Say, s. s.	4	1	2	1	4	1
Say, s. s.	4	1	2	1	4	1	Carpent'r, 3b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Carpent'r, 3b	4	0	1	0	1	0	Manning, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Manning, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0	Reilly, 1b.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Reilly, 1b.	4	0	1	1	2	0	Mansell, l. f.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	3	0	0	4	0	0	White, p.	3	0	0	0	8	0
White, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Totals	33	4	5	27	17	2

Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
National	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Earned run—National, 1. Two-base hit—Clapp. First base on balls—National, 1; Cincinnati, 2. Struck out—Cincinnati, 2; National, 2. Balls called—White, 112; Kessler, 94. Balks—Clapp, 1; Snyder, 1. Passed ball—Snyder, 1. Wild pitches—White, 1; Kessler, 1. Umpire, Otis Tibbs of Brooklyn. Time, 2h. 25m.

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

The Knickerbockers defeated the Californias on July 18 at San Francisco in the presence of nearly 2,000 people. The Californias, who presented Mast, late of the defunct Bay Citys, and F. Smith, led up to the eighth inning, when errors by F. Smith and Blakiston, followed by J. Smith's home-run, gave three runs and the victory to the Knickerbockers. F. Smith made a brilliant one-handed jumping-catch of a sharp liner.

KNICKB'K'R.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CALIFORNIA	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Willigrod, c. f.	4	3	1	1	0	1	Taylor, p.	4	2	1	1	7	1
Corpstein, ss	4	1	0	1	0	0	Rice, s. s., r. f.	4	0	1	2	3	1
J. Smith, 1b.	4	1	1	7	1	0	Dallas, 2d b.	4	0	1	4	4	0
J. Whitney, p	4	0	1	0	12	0	Hamilton, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
C. Whit'y, 3b	4	0	1	2	1	2	Blakiston, 1b	3	0	1	15	0	1
Barnie, 2b.	4	0	1	2	1	0	Mast, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Angus, l. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0	Stewart, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Bailey, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	F. S'ith, rf., ss	3	0	0	1	3	2
J. Dolan, c.	4	0	0	12	4	1	Gillett, c.	3	1	1	3	4	0
Totals	36	5	8	27	19	4	Totals	31	3	5	27	21	5

Knickerbocker	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	0—5
California	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Earned run—Knickerbocker, 1. Base on called balls—Knickerbocker, 1. Bases on errors—California, 2; Knickerbocker, 4. Struck out—California, 10; Knickerbocker, 5. Left on bases—California, 1; Knickerbocker, 4. Passed balls—Gillett, 6. Wild pitches—Taylor, 2. Home-run—J. Smith. Double-play—Dallas and Blakiston. Balls called—Taylor, 97; Whitney, 77. Strikes called—Taylor, 45; Whitney, 47. Umpire, D. Ashley. Time, 2h.

The tenth game of the championship series of the Pacific League was played at Oakland on July 18, when the Eagles secured an easy victory over the Renos. The contest was close and exciting for the first seven innings, with the Renos in the lead, the Eagles at the finish forging far ahead. Valentine pitched with great effectiveness, but two safe hits being made off him. Irwin's clever catching kept down the Eagles' score considerably.

EAGLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RENO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Perrier, 1st b	5	1	0	10	0	0	Finn, 3d b.	4	1	0	2	2	2
Jones, r. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	Lamb, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Hayes, c.	5	1	0	17	4	1	Hayes, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Valentine, p	5	1	3	0	18	1	Irwin, c.	4	1	0	7	3	1
Nagle, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	1	O'Brien, 2b	3	1	1	3	2	2
Brown, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	McKenna, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
M'Closk'y, 2b	4	1	2	1	0	0	Mitchell, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Frodsham, c. f	4	1	1	0	0	0	Brown, r. f.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Swanton, s. s.	4	1	1	0	1	0	Riordan, p.	3	0	1	0	2	2
Totals	40	7	8	27	26	4	Totals	31	3	2	27	12	9

Eagle	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	0—7
Reno	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3

Bases on balls—Finn, Jones. Double-plays—O'Brien, Hayes. Two-base hits—McCloskey, Valentine. Left on bases—Reno, 1; Eagle, 5. Bases on errors—Reno, 2; Eagle, 5. Struck out—Reno, 13; Eagle, 2. Passed balls—Irwin, 3. Wild pitch—Valentine, 1. Umpire, William French. Time, 2h. 30m.

The Athletics administered the second successive defeat to the Knickerbockers on July 17 at San Francisco. Boyle opened the second inning with a long hit to left field, on which he made a home-run, and errors by C. Whitney, Angus and Corpstein, together with a two-bagger by Taylor and a single by Boyle, yielded four more runs to the Athletics. The Knickerbockers were unable to hit Devlin's pitching, but the umpire favored them with four bases on balls, instead of calling out the batsmen on strikes, and two runs were consequently made.

ATHLETIC	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	K'CK'B'K'R.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Sweeney, r. f.	5	0	1	1	1	2	Willigrod, cf.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Taylor, c.	5	0	1	13	1	0	Corpstein, ss.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Carey, s. s.	4	1	1	2	4	0	Smith, 1b.	4	0	2	17	0	0
Denny, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	2	1	J. Whitney, p	4	0	0	0	2	1
Boyle, c. f.	4	2	2	1	0	0	C. Whit'y, 3b	4	0	1	1	4	2
Devlin, p.	4	0	0	1	5	0	Barnie, 2b.	4	0	1	2	3	0
McKin'on, lb	4	1	0	14	1	2	Angus, l. f.	4	0	0	1	1	2
Curran, 2b.	4	0	0	3	6	0	Bailey, r. f.	4	0	1	2	2	1
Manning, c.	4	0	0	4	0	0	Dolan, c.	4	0	1	4	2	0
Totals	38	5	8	27	23	9	Totals	37	2	5	27	17	7

Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0—5
Knickerbocker	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Earned run—Athletic, 1. Home run—Boyle. Two-base hit—Taylor. Three-case hit—Denny. Struck out—Athletic, 6; Knickerbocker, 5. First base on errors—Athletic, 2; Knickerbocker, 6. Left on bases—Athletic, 6; Knickerbocker, 8. Double-plays—Bailey, Dolan and C. Whitney; Manning, McKinnon and Curran. Passed balls—Dolan, 2; Manning, 1. Wild pitches—Whitney, 2. Bases on balls—Knickerbocker, 4. Umpire, J. K. Delaveau. Time, 1h. 45m.

The third championship game between the Stars and Renos was played at Oakland on July 17, when the latter won for the first time. Lamb made two good running-catches in the outfield, and a neat double-play was effected by Hayes, Mitchell and Irwin, the last-named doing the best batting.

RENO.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Finn, 3d b.	4	1	0	2	3	McDonald, 3d b.	5	1	3	2	1
O'Brien, 2d b.	4	1	0	2	2	Sharkey, 1st b.	5	0	8	0	0
Irwin, c.	4	0	0	8	0	2	French, c. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Lamb, c. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0	Fusselbach, c.	4	1	10	0	1	
McKenna, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Mathews, p.	4	0	2	8	3	
Mitchell, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0	Daniels, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	
Hayes, 1st b.	4	0	0	6	0	0	Williams, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	
Riordan, p.	4	0	7	5	0	0	Boyle, 2d b.	4	1	2	0	0	
W. Brown, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Murdock, s. s.	4	1	1	2	3	
Totals	35	7	7	12	6		Totals	39	4	7	12	8	

Reno	2	0	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—7
Star	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Passed balls—Fusselbach, 1; Irwin, 1. Wild pitch—Mathews, 1. Two-base hits—Murdock and Williams. Double-play—Hayes, Mitchell and Irwin. Umpire, E. Nagle. Time, 2h. 40m.

TROY vs. BUFFALO.

The Troys and Buffalos played at Troy, N. Y., on July 27, when the home-nine won by their superior batting at the outset. The contest was a tedious and uninteresting one, the only redeeming feature being the good batting of Cassidy.

TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1b	5	1	2	10	1	0	Crowley, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Gillespie, l. f.	5	2	1	2	0	2	Rich'dson, 3b	4	0	2	2	2	0
Ferguson, c.	5	0	2	7	3	1	Rowe, c.	4	0	1	7	1	0
Cassidy, c. f.	5	0	3	2	0	0	Hornung, l. f.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Connors, 3b.	5	1	1	2	2	3	Esterbr'k, 1b	4	1	1	5	1	5
Caskins, s. s.	5	0	1	0	2	0	Galvin, p.	4	0	1	0	8	1
Holbert, c.	4	2	1	5	4	1	Force, 2b.	4	1	1	2	4	1
Totals	43	8	13	27	21	7	Totals	36	6	8	27	16	8

Troy	3	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—8
Buffalo	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—6

Runs earned—Troy, 2; Buffalo, 1. Two-base hits—Holbert, Rowe, Hornung, Force. Bases on balls—Buffalo, 2. Bases on errors—Buffalo, 3; Troy, 4. Left on bases—Buffalo, 3; Troy, 9. Struck out—Buffalo, 5; Troy, 6. Double-play—Caskins, Ferguson and Cogswell. Passed balls—Holbert, 1; Rowe, 4. Balls called—Welch, 106; Galvin, 98. Strikes called—Welch, 38; Galvin, 66. Umpire, Bradley. Time, 2h. 35m.

The Buffalos lost another championship game to the Troys on July 29 at Troy, N. Y. Keenan, late of the Albanys, caught for the visitors, and handled Galvin's delivery in good style. They batched their hits in the second and seventh innings, when they made all but two of their runs. Evans did the best batting and fielding. Crowley alone seemed to bat with any effect for the visitors. The fielding on both sides was very poor, especially that of Esterbrook, Latham, Connors and Caskins.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crowley, rf.	5	0	3	3	0	0	Cogswell, 1b.	5	0	0	11	0	0
Rich'dson, 3b	5	0	1	3	1	0	Gillespie, l. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Rowe, c.	4	0	0	11	1	0	Ferguson, 2b	5	1	1	2	4	0
Horn'g, lf., lb	4	0	0	0	0	0	Cassidy, c. f.	5	1	0	0	0	1
Est'b'k, lb., cf	4	0	0	6	0	3	Connors, 3b.	5	2	2	1	2	3
Keenan, c.	4	0	1	5	5	1	Caskins, s. s.	4	1	1	3	2	0
Latham, s. s.	4	1	0	2	2	2	Evans, r. f.	4	3	3	3	1	0
Galvin, p.	4	1	2	1	7	1	Welch, p.	4	0	1	1	7	0
Force, 2d b.	4	0	0	5	3	1	Holbert, c.	4	0	1	8	3	0
Totals	38	2	8	24	19	9	Totals	41	9	11	27	21	6

Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Troy	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0—9

Runs earned—Troy, 4. Two-base hits—Evans, Ferguson. Three-base hit—Evans. First base on balls—Troy, 1; Buffalo, 1. First base on errors—Troy, 8; Buffalo, 6. Left on bases—Troy, 8; Buffalo, 9. Struck out—Troy, 3; Buffalo, 5. Double-plays—Gillespie and Holbert; Evans and Holbert. Passed balls—Holbert, 1; Keenan, 1. Wild-pitch—Galvin, 1. Balls called—Welch, 86; Galvin, 79. Strikes called—Welch, 38; Galvin, 37. Umpire, Bradley. Time, 2h. 10m.

WORCESTER vs. CINCINNATI.

In the Worcester-Cincinnati game July 27, at Worcester, Mass., the home-club won by their superior batting, while the visitors narrowly escaped being blanked. The Worcesters scored in the fourth inning on Irwin's two-bagger and Richmond's single, though had Clapp held the ball splendidly fielded in by Mansell, Irwin would have been out at the home-plate. In the sixth Irwin got to third on Say's wild throw and came home on Whitney's hit which White fielded to the plate too late. The Cincinnatis got their only run in the eighth on successive errors by Whitney, Tobin and Creamer. The Worcesters earned a run in the ninth on Richmond's single, followed by Bennett's three-bagger.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Stovey, c. f.	4	2	1	1	0	0	Purcell, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Irwin, s. s.	4	1	2	2	2	2	Clapp, c.	4	0	1	12	2	1
Whit

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 8 P. M., MONDAY, Aug. 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott's Co., Manager Emma (2)
Annetta, Mlle.
Abbott, Emma
Anderson, Mary
Belimont, Blanche
Boston, Mrs. M. (opera, "Pinafore")
Bigelow, Sara E.
Branscombe, Maude Sc
Baldwin, Alice (of M. Nobles' Co.)
Buckingham, Fannie
Barnard, Lottie
Bates, Miss M. E.
Barnard, Mary
Belden, Emma
Beaumont, Nellie
Bianca, Mlle.
Clifton, Aggie (3)
Chapman, Dollie
Corcoran, Katharine
Cavendish, Ada
Crews, Eva
Christie, Gennie
Clarke, Dorah E.
Cummings, Minnie
Chando, Alice
Clayton, Maude
Dorwin, Dora
DeRock, Effie
DeWitt, Minnie (vocalist)
Desmer, Laura W.
DuRoy, Lizzie (of Hyde Co.)
Durrell, Grace

Acme Boys
Armstrong Bros. (musicians)
Adams, "Yank"
Aiken, Frank
Arnold, Amos D.
Adams, Tommy (minst. "biz")
Adams, Harry
Arlington, Billy
Aldridge, F. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Bailey, T. (of Cooper & Bailey)
Butler, Andy
Barry, Dave
Buffalo Bill's Manager
Branzier, W. L. P.
Baldwin, Harry (3)
Benedict, Lew
Bliss, Harry
Butler, F. (of Butler & Lester)
Bruno, Aug. I. 3c.
Bond, O. L.
Butler, R. (of Sells' Circus)
Booker, H. (of Canfield & Booker)
Bonner, Mr.
Bryan, Fred.
"Basso"
Burt, Geo.
Burton, W.
Brand, Frank
Bruce, — (showpainter)
Boolin, H.
Butler, Frank
Burns, John (painter)
Blitz, Francois R.
Burt, Sidney
Burton, Wm. (wire-and-dance)
Beckwith, Harry
Bennett, Frank 9c.
Bartley, Elisha
Barnum, P. T.
Colyer, Ed. (care Sam Colyer)
Carus, Jr., Kit
Clark, Nobby (of Cole's Circus)
Chanfrou, Harry I.
Chapman, Frank M.
Crummin Bros.
Crossley, John T.
Campbell, Bartley (2)
Clark & Edwards
Carroll, Johnny
Carton, Frank (musician)
Canfield, J. (of Canfield & Booker)
Cagill, Harry (of Bender, Chas.
Collins, H. B.3c.
Coon, Chas. S.
Charest, Geo. (rope-walker)
Curtis, Jas.
Crimmin, Mike
Callahan, C. (of Callahan & Dolan)
Curtis, Chas. (rope-walker)
Clark, Lew 22c.
Cogill Bros.
Campanni, Signor
Casselli, John (Adonis) 9c.
Dougherty, Hugh
Dunbar, G. W.
Dooley, L. (of Dooley & Tenbrook)
DeHaven, Claude (2)
Drew, Mike
Dobson, C. (of Wallace Comb.)
Dudley, Benj.
Dies, H. A.
Denier, Tony (2)
Davis, C. E.
Dennis, Walter L. (2)
Dawn, Elliott
Drew, Mike
Dockstader, Chas.
Diamond, Chas.
Damsels, The
Doty, J. A.
Davis, E. (of Sells' Circus)
Deeport, Harry
Denier, John
Dixon, Thompson
Dixon, Fred. (of Mahn's Co.)
Dobson, Chas. E.
Everett, H.
Elliott, L. J. (manager)
Eckhan, J. S.
Emery, Will
Fox, Jos. E. (for Ed. Ward)
Fowler, W. W.
Fowler, Harvey W.
Fuller, J. W. (manager)
Fox, Eddie (leader)
Forsburg, — (of Collier Comb.)
Flanigan, E. D.
Farini, W. (of Barnum's Circus)
Fleury, Fernando (3)
Ford, F. F.
Ferguson, R. V.
France, Geo.
Fielding, John & Maggie
Foreman, C. Ed.
Fitzgerald, Wm.
Ferguson, J. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Fuller, Hugh
Fonez & Mack 9c.
Fields & Leslie (2)
French, Edwin
Graves, John
Greeley, B.
Gallagher, Mike
Gregory, C. F.
Galvin, H. T.
Grover, Leonard
Gilbert, W. J. (comedian)
Gale, Geo. (minstrel)
Gaffney, Hugh
Gormley & Williams
Gaylord, J. (of Cole's Circus)
Gladstone, S. (of Cole's Circus)

Gardner, E. M.
Goodroy, John & Jenne
Golden, Sam
Gardner, F. (of Hosta Opera Co.)
Gilbert, J. B.
Gormley & Williams
Gannon, Pete
Hooker, Fred
Hayes, Chas. (vocalist)
Hill, — (D. Thompson's manager)
Hall, Clinton
Hickey, J. M.
Hill, Geo. A.
Hunt, C. (of Sells's Circus)
Hubbard, C.
Haverly, Mr.
Hogen Bros.
Henri, Hi
Harrington, Frank
Howard, Thos. (manager) (5)
Hogan, — (of Custom Com. Co.)
Harrison, G. W.
Harvey, J. H.
Henderson, Chas. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Husy, Matt. T.
Hardy, J. H.
Henderso, W. H. (2)
Hanna, John B.
Haley & West
Harris, J. (late of N. D. Roberts' Co.)
Howorth, John
Haywood, Tom (minstrel)
Hasenwinkle's Dram. Co.)
Heywood, Jas. (manager) (2)
Hooper, Ben. (of Sells' Circus)
Hillyer, Clark
Helen, Wallace B.
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Heyer, C. (of Schmidt & Conrad's Circus)
Harris, Dick
Henshaw, John
Hall, S.
Haynes, E. G. 19c.
Hirst, W. L.
Ingraham, Col. P. "M. D." (2)
Jenks, Harry
Jackson, Geo. (late of M. Nobles' Co.)
Jackson, Theo.
Jones, Frank
Jack, S. C.
Jack, S. W.
Jarrett, H. (of Gulick)
Keating, John
Kramer, John (of Allen's Circus)
Kelner, August
Keuz, Mark
Keating, — (late of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Litzenberger, John
Lenton, Frank
Lent, L. B.
Lemoyne, Cecil
Lowande, Aberlardo 3c.
Lawrence, Geo. (of Haverly's Mast. Min.)
Lytell, W. H.
Lilley, Chas. (leader)
Leroux, Chas.
LaRue, Wm. 9c.
Lennox, Jr., Walter S.
LaMartine, Harry
Lambert, Clay
Little Mack
Liley, C. A.
Leanox, Geo. (of N. O. Minst.)
Leroux, Chas. (gymnast)
Livingston, Frank
Leavitt, M. B. 3c.
Lester, Harry (rope-walker)
Melville, Chas.
McDonald, C. (of Orndorff & McDonald)
Mularo, Chas.
Montgomery, Elias
Manager Minnie Phillips, Amy
Pixley, Annie
Parker, Georgie (3)
Peak, Nellie
Ripley, Claudia
Robinson, Josie
Rialto, Grace
Rose, Lu-lu
Robeson, Erba
Richards, Nellie
Rogers, Emma
Stanley, Charlotte M.
Steele, Mollie Mader-
St. Elmo, Eva (2)
Smith, Allie (2)
Shanley, Josephine
Stinson, Mrs. Fred.
Tiffany, Annie Ward
Vincent, Nellie
Weston, Lillie
Wilson, Mollie
Wallack, Mrs. Fannie
Wildman, Clara
Wellesley, Marie
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager Agnes
Wilson, Mollie
Winnett, Lottie

Orndorff & McDonald (3)
Parker, Lew
Phillips, Gus (2)
Pullen, H. (of Allen's Circus)
Phillips, F. A.
Pete, Frank
Phiffer, Al
Perlet, H. H. (2)
Price, Al. H.
Pastor, Tony
Pease, Harry
Richards, Al (of Negro and Tuck Co.)
Reed, L. C.
Roe, H. W.
Rickey, Master
Rickaby, John
Richmond, Jas. (song-writer)
Robson & Crane
Robinson, John (of Barnum's Cir.)
Ross, Jas. (animal trainer)
Ryan, Matt E.
Ross, J. H.
Robinson, O. S.
Riley, J. (of Allen's Circus)
Ronaldo, — (manager)
Richards, G. (of Brunck & Richards)
Roberts & Son (egg-makers)
Robinson, P. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Rial, Jay (3)
Ross, Willis
Shay, Charlie
Skinner, Alex.
Spangler, E. G.
Slavin & Smith
Smith, Gus
Stevens, John A.
Sayers, Tom
Savage, F. F.
Sweet, T. (agent for J. W. Clark's banjos)
Shapley, F. (of Sharpley & West)
Stowe, John F.
Scott, And. (showman)
Sheridan, P. (of Sheridan & Riley)
Stevens, Al. G.
Sheridan & Reily
Smith, Ed. (of Coup's Circus)
Shelley, Piercy
Sanford, S. S.
Spanks, John G.
Shields, C. (of Coup's Circus)
Sands, Dick
Smith, W. H. (of Spaulding's Bell-Ringers, Manager
Sweatnam, M. (minstrel-director)
Sawyer, Prof. (musical glasses)
Smith, W. W.
Sheridan, Frank
Strobig, Isaac V.
Smith, W. L.
Sheeney, — (of Allen's Circus)
Stout, Geo. C.
Sheridan, John F.
Theodore, Chas.
Thompson, J. W.
Taylieure, Clifton W.
Templeton, John (3)
Turner, Dick
Thompson, Fred (of Cole's Circus)
Thompson, Arthur W. (manager)
The American 4
Taylor, Will (leader)
Thompson, John (p. c. mark Birkett)
Tryon, T. C. (manager)
Tracy, Dan'l
Taylor, Jim
Thornton, Chas. S.
Thomas, Arthur G.
Thorton, Chas. T.
Tudor, John
Thompson, Denmodore
Thompson, John
Thomas, F. J.
Tyler, Wm. (p. c. mark London, Eng.)
Willard, Jack (scenic-artist)
Wagner, Cal
Wallack, Watty
Wright, Frank E. Kemble
Williams, Gus (3)
Wood, W. H.
Warren, Gus
Wood, W. N. (leader)
Woodville, Jas. (comedian)
Ward, C. P.
Wade, E. C.
Wills, J. (of Wills & Adams)
Watkins, C. L. (manager)
Williams, H. A. B.
Warburton, J. E.
Wisner, Geo.
Wood, John A. (agent)
Ward, Sam (equestrian)
William, Fred
Wiley, Jake (of N. O. Minst.)
Washburn, L. W.
Woolcott, E. M.
Wiggins, T. A.
Williams Bros.
Wilson, Burt W.
Williams, H.
Wooding, Nat.
Walker, Whimsical Waldron, Rich'd 3c.
Watson, Jas. (of Thayer's Circus)
Wheatley, Thos.
White, Chas. O.
Young Ajax

E., Rochester.—1. Cal Wagner the minstrel is said to have been born on July 4, 1848. We prefer not to assume the responsibility of deciding bets as to the ages of professionals, the more especially when the bets are not stated. 2. There are several Johnny Hickeys before the public.

A. S. P., Amenia.—No. 1 loses. Forepaugh has eleven elephants, and is exhibiting eleven. The delay in answering is due to our leaving sought to verify the published announcement by writing to headquarters, which answer in accordance with the foregoing.

TWO FRIENDS.—We are authoritatively informed that the cost of building and furnishing Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre was over ten thousand dollars more than your friend claims, and over sixty-five thousand more than you claim. The figures given us are "never $140,000."

T. MCK., Philadelphia.—Mrs. Dion Boucicault is presumably in this city. We do not know her address, but it is not the house you fancy. If the matter is important, the information may be had by addressing Max Strakosch, Fifth-avenue Theatre.

B. M.—We have been unable to find his name in that connection; but that proves nothing, as "a tour South" is rather indefinite, and, besides, is likely to cover several years. Usually, that star's company has been furnished by some manager having a theatre on his hands.

E. H., Newark.—Ellen Healey of the Mulberry-street Theatre, Newark, N. J., wishes the address or some knowledge of Harry Healey, variety performer, who, when his parents last heard from him, was setting out for Indianapolis.

X. Y. Z., North Deseret.—1. Cooper, Bailey & Co. ran the Great London Circus in 1879. Cooper & Bailey's show had been consolidated with Sangers'. 2. The ownership or part ownership of circuses is a matter into which we cannot go.

F. S., Belvidere.—As soon as we receive them, we give the routes in our circus columns. Oftentimes companies object to giving publicity to their contemplated movements.

H. F. D., Philadelphia.—C. H. Hawkins, 118 E. Thirteenth street, this city, can furnish you with trapeses of their appurtenances, and no doubt would also cheerfully give you advice.

A. B. G.—Mme. Ivan Michels prepares pupils for the stage in this city, and so does Frederick F. Robinson. We believe the latter is now abroad, but probably his school goes on all the same.

G. & G., St. Louis.—The Hyers sisters sang in Boston the week before last, and are probably in that vicinity now. No answers by mail.

HAMPTON, Va.—Miss Nellie McHenry is the wife of John Webster of Salsbury's Troubadours. She has sisters on the stage.

H. W. W., Winnipeg.—1. Charles White, the veteran minstrel, is residing in this city. 2. See regular column of answers.

M. R. D., Buffalo.—Mert Sexton was managing a dancing-academy in this city about 1883. It was in Broome street.

F. S., Brooklyn.—Levy the cornet-player was not "a member of Hooley's Minstrel Troupe from 1867 to 1870."

C. L., Bangor.—The distance between the double bars should not be communicated to the wire-walker performer.

B. J. MCC., Boston.—1. W. J. Florence's name is Conlin. 2. Barney Williams' name was O'Flaherty.

E. E. H., Johnstown.—1. We do not know his address. 2. Thanks; but we do not require it.

J. C. P., Lynn.—Edwin Booth has played Iago to Lawrence Barrett's Othello.

C. H. P., Boston.—Eliza Logan died in this city in 1872.

G. W. L., Springfield.—The list is not yet completed.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, August 2, 1880.

On the homestretch, and just entering the third and last month of the Summer series. Now it is that absentees begin to look up their traps with the view of closing out their accounts with rural and seaside landlords—with whom they have passed a very pleasant vacation—and preparing themselves for the duties of the coming theatrical campaign; and right glad will they be when the season opens, for no work and all play make serious inroads upon their finances, which are, at the best, of rather light weight, in a majority of cases. And we may now begin to look for the return of our professional friends from abroad, who are no doubt longing to set foot once more upon the free soil of America. Some will come back with heads elated, some with prospects a little chilled, and a few with light hearts and heavy purses.....The week just closed was pleasant so far as the temperature was concerned, and the few places of amusement that remained open did fairly well. These included Manager Haverly's two theatres, Niblo's and the Fourteenth-street house—and the Madison-square; the Fifth-avenue continued over one night from the previous week, but on Tuesday its lights went out, and its people went out at the same time. And so, with the open-air concert halls and beer-garden dispensaries, the habitue expressed great satisfaction that on this day when the full strength of the musical and theatrical forces shall again show up for the enlightenment and amusement of the sovereign people.

.....Barnum's latest enterprise—the building of a mammoth amusement structure on the site of Madison-square Garden—is progressing favorably, proposals for erecting the same having been advertised for last week; and it is thought that the work will be commenced in the early Fall. The engineer of "the greatest show on earth" means business.....Our obelisk has a good sight for a good site near the Museum of Art in Central Park, and thus are our withers wrung as one might say; but what our withers have to do with it is "what no feller can find out."....For the real Flying Fairy wait until Tompkins & Hill's Aerial arrives here. Take no other.

Then she cried, dying Aerial
Will, before her, surely carry all.

[This is not first-class poetry, neither is it first-class weather in which to make poetry. Hence, look a little small, but advertising manager de certainty of its payment and the superior character of the water which will be found him. Thus, Niblo has had it left behind, where Barnum's new channel for the development of American industry.....Ice does it. "Hazel Kirke" is nearing its two hundredth night at the Madison-square Theatre. One night last week the auditorium was so cool that they had to put the ice (used to refrigerate the house) between blankets!.....When Salsbury's Troubadours first appeared before an English audience at Liverpool they set 'em wild. ("Who set 'em wild, the audience or the Troubadours?" "Jimmy, you are becoming too hypercritical, altogether!") "If trying to make something out of nothing is hypocritical, then I'm a hypocrite. Otherwise, the party of the first part is the same."].....When the various shows at Coney Island get their prices down to a popular scale, like those of never-ending Sojourner Truth's two cents, and no return checks—then may they hope to compete with the free orchestra-snap.....When we saw in the various chronicles of the daily press that the theatrical company from Rotterdam had "won golden opinions in London," we were honestly rejoiced. Not that we have any pecuniary interest in the Rotterdam company, nor any golden opinions of our own to dispose of, but purely for the sake of art—Rotterdam art. And here, by the way, are

SOME VALUABLE OPINIONS.

Full many things in life are worth the winning,
And to get them people strive and to sinning.
To plotting, planning, striving, scheming, conniving,
The while ambition's tide is checked with not a dam.
Some seek to win unlimited riches,
And some to rise to Fame's exalted niches.
And some to wed an heiress proud, the which is
A lesson to the man who finds he's got a sham.
But of all things after which mankind is straining,
There isn't one so richly worth attaining
As these opinions they announce as gaining
In London by the company from Rotterdam.
To say the which the facts do us embolden,
For though opinions common are as olden,
No other actors ever found them golden,
But rather (we repeat their words) worth roterdam!"

*Observe that this is the language of the actors—not ours.

.....Our old friend, the only original Sojourner Truth, is on the Michigan bay, talking to the Michiganders about the negro-question; and wherever Sojourner is, there is Truth likewise, and neither Eli Perkins nor "Bob" Ingersoll follows in her wake. Two cents is the price to hear her lecture upon the colored issues of the day. Cheap enough! .....Do you believe this? Not to say that the people of Deadwood are so high-toned and moral they refused to visit "The Black Crook" until it was advertised as written by Shakespeare! and then they couldn't drive 'em away! We are glad to hear this about the Deadwood burghers, for we had been taught to believe that they were all heathens and vampires out there. So let us set them up again.....They get up some curious freaks of nature over there in New Jersey. The latest production is a chicken—a real chicken—with two sets of wings and legs! This is wonderful, even for Jersey; and we are told that the enterprising Jerseymen get two sets of prices for every chicken sold on this persuasion.....Why doesn't the proprietor of the aquarium at Coney Island put in some water-snakes and sea-serpents as substitutes for the recently-escaped sea-lions? They don't cost much, and they look very well in a tank.....The "conspiracy" against Minnie Cummings culminated on Tuesday evening last, when the poor player was refused to walk until they could first see the ghost walk. This the latter failed to do—hence the other. [There was a thunder-storm just before this: and some say there was another immediately after.].....And now we are told that the Bernhardt's new clothes, manufactured expressly for her American tour, are to cost all the way from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars. We need something in the clothesline to counteract the demoralizing effect of the unadorned drama. A wicked devil of a woman says that Bernhardt's charms would not be enhanced by any undress uniform.....A circus ceased to be last week because it hadn't taken in its *running* expenses. And yet a state is warranted under favorable horse pieces [auspices].....Some wealthy people complain of the glut of fourth-dollars, and decline to receive them in pay for codfish and other provisions which laid the foundation of their riches. There need be no glut, for soon the theatrical season will open, when trade-dollars will be taken in trade at par. The good time's a-coming; wait a little longer.....Ole Bull is ill in London, and yet when he left here he carried a renovating viol-in his trunk.....J. H. Haverly has just engaged a new primo basso profundo because of the extent of his deep C soundings. He joins the Mastodon Forty—count them.....They have been taking up the old and laying a new street-crossing opposite Abbey's Park Theatre, Broadway. Flag-raising is going on all over the city. [They have been doing nothing of the kind, and the old flagstones are still doing duty finely; but lying in this underhand manner enables us to get a new joke and a new crossing without any expense to the city, for which the overridden taxpayers will no doubt thank us.].....Ever since Col. Sellers tripped up in London, Billy Florence has felt badly for fear his "Mighty Dollar" should share the same fate. Let him rest in peace, for the mighty dollar never fails.....And now another man turns up ["He's not an acrobat, Jimmy, but a balloonist."—"Well, don't balloonists turn up, too?"] and proposes to sail across the Atlantic in an airship. This is the man we've been looking for ever since the last Atlantic aerial adventure, which failed at the last moment, owing to a rent in the balloon or shortness of the balloon in the amphitheatre rentadvertised as written by Shakespeare! and then they accounts.....This is what we found in one of our esteemed contemporaries the other day: "Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt does not look exceedingly strong; but few seen of the strongest of her sex could support the labor through which she goes. One Saturday recently, after playing in an afternoon and an evening performance, she rehearsed 'Frou-Frou' from 12 P. M. until 6 o'clock the next morning." We read this over thoughtfully three times, took off our coat, sent James downstairs to tell the janiter to turn on the steam, and in 4m. 32s. (the fastest time on record) produced these

IMMORTAL LINES.

The Bernhardt may think this latest story,
Set forth in a newspaper letter,
Sufficient to gain for her lasting glory,
But we see her and go her one better.
For she, after acting twice in a day,
With an interval only to sup,
And then rehearsing a play,
And they found her, they say, at six ap.
That's all very well. But we know of a lady
Who appeared on the stage all day
(A South Ferry stage), and at midnight mellow
He likewise began at a play:
And the night it waned, but never his power,
And he stopped not even to sup,
And beating the Bernhardt's time by an hour,
They found him at seven-up!

.....The theatres in Philadelphia are in trouble, the State entering suit against them for the amount of their taxes, five hundred dollars each. The managers deny that they owe any tax. The prosecution is now holding a post-mortem over them while they are lying in state. [This may not be very clear, but still it is much clearer than the Schuylkill water, which is forced down *their* people as we are forcing this down *our* people.].....The wagon in which John Brown (whose body lies a-moulder ing in the tomb) emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kansas is to be presented to the State Historical Society. Why not make a sideshow of it, and thus give everybody a chance to see the wagon? is what a wag on the subject says. [Is this satisfactory?].....An unreliable report reaches us that a banker of London is to marry Lotta. It seems that *everybody* wants to marry Lotta. This banker, probably, wants to bank her funds rather than herself. "What do you think of it, Jim?" "Another lie nailed to the bank-accounter." [Banker-counter.].....And now it is that many American actors in Europe begin to feel a trifle uneasy. Traveling is so expensive over there and sight-seeing so costly that a number of us have touched bottom, reached hard-pan, as it were, and, as remittances have failed to connect on time, the financial situation is anything but cheerful. In the early Summer the trouble with our professionals was how to get there. Now it is how to get back. What makes the situation more complicated is the absence of any railroad between the two points, so that walking the ties on the return trip is impracticable. But all is not lost while hope remains, and, as the boys have many friends over there, the latter may ante-up in the beautiful by-and-bye, over there, so that the traveler may be enabled to come back from over there.....We have no desire to peach upon the lad, yet truth and a wish to crush out every semblance of selfishness and meanness in this office compel us to state that at noon on Thursday last, having business for "Our Jim" to attend to, we sought him high and low; but the search was fruitless until we reached the pool. There sat the boy, all unconscious of our presence, just finishing the last pair of a basket of luscious peaches, very kindly sent to him that morning with the compliments of Lew Coleman of the Star Pantomime Troupe. The wily lad sneaked away, like a guilty culprit, without a word of apology for his conduct. What makes the matter worse is that, only the evening before, Jim had declared his intention to emulate the bright example of Doctor Tanner, by commencing, on that Thursday, the feat of doing without food of any kind for a period of forty full days. [While the boss is takin' his beer, I ought to make some explanation. All that there was in the basket was three peaches, and the idea of dividing fifty among a hundred hungry men and boys made me laff; so I snuck off, and et the hull dam lot. Had they been green appils, I shud have shered 'em with the corpse and the boss all the same.—OUR JIM.].....Two or three years ago—if your vivid recollection will carry you back to that far—we stated in this department that when Adalina Patti should begin to fail, and lose her voice and other charms, then we might look for her in this country. Friends, word has just come to us from over the wide waste of waters that Adalie is on the downgrade, that her voice shows signs of the wear and tear to which it has been subjected these many years, that disease has marked her for its own, and that ere long she may be coming to us, the wreck of a once brilliant singer. She has got the rheumatics bad, but if she will try a mud bath she may be cured. *Real* mud is what she wants.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

W. H. Vanderbilt has made overtures to Gye for a season of opera by the Covent-garden Company during the Universal Exhibition in this city.....A cable-dispatch chronicles the illness of Oie Bull, who in consequence has had to cancel his Swedish engagement.....Orndorff & McDonald's show is now in Buffalo and at Niagara Falls. The Buffalo Sentinel and had them in charge.....The health of E. A. Sothern has again been pronounced very critical, and his physicians have commanded him to forego all engagements and seek absolute repose. As soon as his present illness manifested itself, he went from London to Brighton in the hope that a change of air would arrest the progress of the disease.....Dispatch from San Francisco announces that S. W. Piercy's new play, entitled "Deception," was favorably received upon its production at the Baldwin theatre on the night of July 26.....Miss Adelaide Neilson sailed from here for Liverpool on the 28th. She will pass the remainder of the Summer at the Lake of Como.....John McCullough is to leave Australia for home on the 15th inst. He will be engaged by De Beaujlan for a season of French opera in this country are to sail from Havre on Oct. 9.....At Copenhagen there is to be a grand musical festival, at which concerts that will cover all the leading cities of Denmark and Sweden. In addition to the leading soprano herself, the following artists will compose the company: Mme. Labladche, contralto; Mlle. Labiche, soprano; M. Tecchi, tenor; M. Utto, baritone; and Herr Behrens, basso. Utto is later to be of the company engaged for this country by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, which, it was recently promised with Strakosch, and that in consequence she and Nicolini will visit this country shortly on their own hook.....Dr. Chyprez's specific for the remedial waters for an annoying twinge of rheumatism.....Mlle. Marie Roze, who is to be the leading soprano of Strakosch's English-opera Troupe this country next season, sailed from Liverpool for this country Sept. 23. On motion of his friend Thomas P. Malany, the late John Brougham's will was admitted to probate on the 30th ult., and Miss Laura L. Phillips settled as executrix.....Mr. Harry Beckett is to make his London bow on Aug. 2 at the Haymarket, in Boucicault's comedy, virtually new to London audiences, entitled "The Shaughraun."

Edwin Booth will return to London in September, and from there go to Germany. It is thought probable that he will play in Berlin.....Edward Compton has quit Salt Lake behind, where Nellson sailed from here last week.....Col. Mapleson and his operatic artists who are to entertain Americans next season will sail from Liverpool on Sept. 29.....A new fanwheel, for ventilating purposes, has been put into the cellar of the Madison-square Theatre.....H. C. Jarrett is to open next season with the spectacle of "Cinderella," in the cast of which name Miss Figure [Fiske].....W. E. Sheridan will leave "The Danites" party and sail for this country on Sept. 11.....Fanny Davenport has decided not to risk an appearance in Anna Dickinson's new play for the coming season.....Manager Henderson of the Standard Theatre is to run Rose Eytinge in the New England district in September and October.....It was improbable that the Vokeses will reappear in this country next season.....Miss Jeffreys Lewis has arrived here from San Francisco.....It was reported that A. M. Palmer was among the White Mountains last week, but in no way known.....Dan started for the purpose of contradicting it.....Clara Morris is to begin an engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 13.....Among the new plays in which Bernhardt is to appear in America have been seen in Paris. It is said that the supporting actors have all been chosen with an eye to their fitness, and that the management have been obliged to agree to pay them salaries "four times as large as they can command in France. They are all said to be artists of experience and good record, and most of them have made favorable hits before Parisian audiences at the Odeon, Gymnase and Porte Saint Martin. The leading man, Angelo, is a capital actor of fine presence. A precocious child will be one of the services will be required as little Sarrorys in 'Frou-Frou' and other pieces in which Bernhardt's repertory, has also been engaged. The smallest room in the company, when it is to be presented, the management promises, will be entered only to the accompaniment of acknowledged ability. The dresses are now being made for Mme. Bernhardt and Adrienne Lecouvreur." They will be modeled strictly after the costumes used in the production of those great classics of the French stage at the Theatre Francaise."

Trouble seems to cling to Bandmaster Sousa. The story now is that at Salem, Oregon, he had a misunderstanding with a Celestial named Sundy-man; and because the tragedian seized his clothes and absconded with them he was hooted and mobbed by Chinamen.....The jury of the Paris Conservatory awarded the first prize to Mlle. Frandin, a mezzo-soprano. This entitles her to be received at the Grand Opera. Miss Griswold, an American, received the second prize. A cable-dispatch of July 30 states that all the Paris journals concur in the opinion that the decision as being unjust to Miss Griswold and a surprise to Lilli Lehmann, who has little or no voice, and does not even sing in tune.".....It is said that Miss Griswold is an artist of great merit, who during four years of study in Paris has been treated very unfairly, and that the only merit shown by Mlle. Frandin was in the competition was her pantomime in a single scene. The Journals admit, was intelligently rendered, but proves nothing as to her general dramatic ability.....Joe Bonfanti, son of the late Marie Duprat-n, Julian Hawthorne and Hall and Johnson's son-in-law, are said to be doing a play together.....Mme. Ivan Michels is said to be doing a ballet for his benefit in London.....Thatcher Heath, Chanfrau's father in London.....Thatcher version of "The Skids are Out To-day" is to be done at Hall, London.....P. T. Barnum was at Newport last week.....Miss Ellen Mason and Mr. Mayer are supposed to be now in Egypt (steamer on Aug. 3).....Miss Mason is the wife of Mayer's son-in-law, Frank Ward, who is a partner in the Coney Island iron pier.....Marriage," to be brought out in London as "The Bridal Tour," will be in three acts, instead of the original five.....Mr. and Mrs. Constant Tiff played here at all at the Haymarket, where Mr. Tiff Wood will walk in the shoes of Effie Germon as Persimmons, and Miss Litta Grey is entrusted with the role of the heroine, created by Stella Brereton.....Mr. Teriss will be the successor of H. J. Montague as the hero.....Dolly Dacosta is again sailed for England on July 31, Daly's company.....Dr. S. Austen Pearce has been retained as the company physician.....Miss Catherine Lewis has returned from Europe.....Mr. Gounod is rewriting his opera "Le Tribut de Zamora."".....There is some probability that Charles Kilneau will come to America on private and financial business.....At the performance at the Gaiety, London, in aid of J. Maddison Morton, the aged dramatist, W. S. Gilbert was among the distinguished amateurs who played "Woodcock's Little Game."".....Mrs. Robert Keeley will appear in Steinway Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Feininger.....Mrs. George Vandenhoff is spending the Summer at Elberon.....Maggie Mitchell gave a benefit on July 26 at the Branch residence on July 29. There were many present.....Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, May Florence Copleston, the pianist and Mr. F. Burbank (the humorist, are conjointly giving concerts at various watering-places.....Miss Janet Edmondson, after studying abroad for the operatic stage, and singing in concerts in London, Eng., has returned to this country.....Mrs. Zelda Smith, in whose behalf it was a few weeks ago denied that she intended to wed the Indianapolis railroader David Wallace, actually became his bride in St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, on July 31. The groom is the youngest, being about twenty-nine years of age. Until recently he was Master of Transportation for the Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railroad Co. It is intended that after a visit he will be connected with the business management of the Emma Abbott Troupe.....The newly-married couple were strangers until last February, when they met at a tea-party in Indianapolis.....J. C. Beverly, who had been of the firm of Beverly & St. Maur's Opera Company, and had also traveled with operatic troupes, died suddenly at Flushing, L. I., July 30. He left a wife and four children.....George Rose, who has had advices was still in Venice, is to sail for this country about Aug. 7.....Mrs. Col. T. Allston Brown arrived at Liverpool on July 28.....It is said that John McCullough will next Spring act in London, at Drury-lane Theatre.....Miss Kathi Lanner is dancing at the Alhambra, that city.....The World" is hoeing to a new play brought out at Drury-lanean July 31.....W. De Wolf Hopper was married last week to Helen Gardner.....Sig. Liberati has been secured for the Chicago Exhibition, beginning about the middle of September and lasting ten or six weeks. His cornet goes with him.....It is estimated by cable, of course, that there were five hundred persons present at the breakfast, tendered on July 30 by the Savage Club of London to some of the American actors in that city. Barry Sullivan presided, and in proposing the "American Stage" as a toast he gave John McCullough an opportunity to respond. Charles Millward answered for "The American Newspaper Press." Charles Dickens proposed the health of the American Minister, who spoke for himself; and in behalf of "American Literature," was loquacious.....W. J. Florence, McKee Rankin, T. C. Raymond and W. E. Sheridan were present.....Hudson-ing at Rockaway Beach on Sat., the wife of Fayette Welsh fainted. Her nine-year-old daughter lost the presence of mind to catch her by the hair, and the child's scream brought assistance. When brought to the shore, Mrs. Welsh was thought to be dead, but remained in an unconscious state for about three hours.....James Cooke, the diver, was arrested in Sag Harbor the other day upon the charge of grand larceny in having removed two of his horses that had been attached for debt. Mr. Cooke explained that he had been unaware of the attachment, and he was released, while the horses went with the constable.

CITY SUMMARY.

JAMES A. MEADE, who is to be the stage-manager of M. B. Leavitt's English-opera Burlesque Company, and Lisa Weber, who will be the Rentz-Santley company, arrived in [illegible] Liverpool from England.

MAURICE DE FRY[illegible] agent of London. Engl[illegible] the steamship Helv[illegible] Miss Ene Rose[illegible] very severe attac[illegible] symptoms of pa[illegible] moxa was severe[illegible]

[illegible] Aug. 11.

[illegible]ering from a [illegible] threatening [illegible]rearment the [illegible]er spine.

[illegible]

[illegible]ds & Brown are

[illegible]'ls to be produced for [illegible]90 in Haverly's Four-

THE STEWARTS.—Richard and his daughters, Docy, Maggie and Nellie—made their American debut July 26 in Haverly's Fourteenth-street Theatre, which was then opened for the season, acting a "Medley of Mirth, Music, Mischief and Mimicry" entitled "Rainbow Revels," arranged expressly for them by Garnet Walsh of Melbourne, Australia. The sketch is devoid of plot, its sole motive being that Caleb Buskin, a retired actor, invites his brother's three children to visit him. He believes them to be boys, and on their arrival is surprised to find that they are girls. The young ladies, who have had some stage experience as amateurs, upon discovering that there is a theatrical wardrobe in the house, resolve to play a series of pranks, under various disguises, upon their uncle; and he, having overheard their plans, decides to invoke the aid of his histrionic ability to give them a Roland for their Oliver. The piece is like the very old farce of "The Manager's Daughter," better known of late years as "The Young Actress," save that, instead of the Daughter alone playing a protean role, all of the characters in the "Rainbow Revels" act many parts. Mr. Stewart impersonated Caleb Buskin, Toby Tottlepot (a deaf gardener), Mons. Alphonse Napoleon Robespierre Patapon, Herr Hans Von Schloggenbochs, Barney O'Hoolagan, and a nameless gentleman under the influence of drink. Miss Docy Stewart was seen as Amy Buskin, Mme. Struttini Vocibella, a tragedienne and prima-donna; Sally Moppet, a Yorkshire servant; Norah Murphy, an Irish peasant; and the Princess Stella, a heroine of burlesque. Miss Maggie Stewart acted Beatrix Buskin, Sophonisba Sereleaf, as the boys have many friends over there, the latter may ante-up in the beautiful by-and-bye, over there, so that the traveler may be enabled to come back from over there.....We have no desire to peach upon the lad, yet truth and a wish to crush out every semblance of selfishness and meanness in this office compel us to state that at noon on Thursday last, having business for "Our Jim" to attend to, we sought him high and low; but the search was fruitless until we reached the pool. There sat the boy, all unconscious of our presence, just finishing the last pair of a basket of luscious peaches, very kindly sent to him that morning with the compliments of Lew Coleman of the Star Pantomime Troupe. The wily lad sneaked away, like a guilty culprit, without a word of apology for his conduct. What makes the matter worse is that, only the evening before, Jim had declared his intention to emulate the bright example of Doctor Tanner, by commencing, on that Thursday, the feat of doing without food of any kind for a period of forty full days. [While the boss is takin' his beer, I ought to make some explanation. All that there was in the basket was three peaches, and the idea of dividing fifty among a hundred hungry men and boys made me laff; so I snuck off, and et the hull dam lot. Had they been green appils, I shud have shered 'em with the corpse and the boss all the same.—OUR JIM.].....Two or three years ago—if your vivid recollection will carry you back to that far—we stated in this department that when Adalina Patti should begin to fail, and lose her voice and other charms, then we might look for her in this country. Friends, word has just come to us from over the wide waste of waters that Adalie is on the downgrade, that her voice shows signs of the wear and tear to which it has been subjected these many years, that disease has marked her for its own, and that ere long she may be coming to us, the wreck of a once brilliant singer. She has got the rheumatics bad, but if she will try a mud bath she may be cured. *Real* mud is what she wants.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

W. H. Vanderbilt has made overtures to Gye for a season of opera by the Covent-garden Company during the Universal Exhibition in this city.....A cable-dispatch chronicles the illness of Oie Bull

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Garin,"

a drama by Paul Delair, was recently first acted at the Theatre Francais, Paris. The plot is as follows: The scene is laid at the opening of the thirteenth century, on the eve of the battle of Bouvines, which was the first French battle, and in which the national liberty and independence rose in an aurora of blood. Feudalism was in the zenith of its brutal despotism, its exactions knew no bounds, and even the King himself was not the master, for the barons held him in leading-strings. Delair brings us to the chateau of one of those haughty feudatories to whom all superiority, even that of the King, is irksome, and who accordingly sets up a petty court of his own, binds his brow with a kind of regal coronet. He had been to the crusades, is growing old in his contempt for civilization, which is beginning to sing in the ballads of the troubadours, and respects naught but rank and force. But Baron Herbert De Sept Saulx is lonely in his old donjon, and, as he feels advancing years press on him, asks himself whether it is to his bastard son Aimeri or to his nephew Garin that he ought to bequeath the succession to his title and to his heavy sword. In the veins of the latter flows the real feudal blood; the other, who is mild and gentle in appearance, with a taste for "book-learning" and poetry, has aspirations and ideas which would have been called revolutionary at that epoch if the word had been invented. He is the offspring of a passing fancy which Baron Herbert had conceived for one of his serfs, a woman whom he banished when it was satisfied; he kept her son at the castle, however, promising to rear him up to be his heir, but only on the express condition that she was never to see him. Nevertheless, the poor creature, whom the author has endowed with powers of divination that remind one of Guanhunara in "Les Burgraves," is always prowling about the chateau, and this very natural idiosyncrasy of the mother has a good deal to do with the progress of the plot. The Baron's choice is only too likely to shift from Aimeri to Garin on the first opportunity; for his fiery young nephew, whose taste is all for violence and carnage, and who can see no farther than the aim of his crossbow, is more congenial to his own brutal nature than his effeminate son. The occasion is not long wanting for deciding the fate of both young men. A deputation of Rheims bourgeois come to protest to the Baron against the increasing depredations and exactions of his men-at-arms and call on him to come to peace with their city, which is ready to conclude a pact on terms favorable to the Lord of Sept Saulx. Baron Herbert bids Aimeri and Garin pronounce their opinions; the former sides with the deputation, and condemns the violence of the soldiery against the people, while the latter advises his uncle to hunt the delegates back within their territories, and to continue his feud against them and their fellow-citizens more bitterly than ever. Herbert recognizes in these words the inspiration of the true Sept Saulx blood, and, while he dismisses the deputation with menaces, adopts Garin as his successor, and banishes Aimeri to learn manliness by fighting against the Saracens in Palestine. At this moment a band of Moorish singers and dancers, led by an old Jew, comes to the castle. Among them is a young woman of captivating beauty, the eternal Eastern Princess we are so well acquainted with, who had been ravished from her parents during that period of perpetual rapine and war. Baron Herbert, whom Saladin could not have cowed, is fascinated by the fiery glances of Aischa, as the young gipsy Princess is called, and, like a silly old man as he is, he immediately makes her his wife. Garin also is smitten by the fair one's charms, and the curtain falls on the prospect of domestic troubles in the Castle of Sept Saulx. Aischa urges Garin to murder her husband, promising him herself as his recompense, and the young man has only to perceive the Baron asleep in an orchard to carry out his purpose. He snatches a crossbow from a sentinel, sends a shaft through his uncle's heart, and then kills the soldier to prevent his telling tales, under the pretence that he had caught him red-handed in his crime. Garin and Aischa are married, and while Abel still remains absent Cain becomes undisputed lord of Sept Saulx. But his nuptials are never completed. When he would enter the bridal-chamber the spectre of his victim appears and calmly tells him that Aischa shall never spend her nights with another but itself, throwing its arms round the widow and bride as it speaks. The young man, maddened out of his senses, finds Aischa evidently forms a very poor opinion of him as a husband, for the vision is apparent to him only; and when she falls senseless at the base of a pillar, she has no idea that, in the murderer's eyes, the same pillar is the ghost of the Baron enlacing the hot-blooded little lady in its icy arms. The unfortunate Garin, thwarted in the possession of the woman he loves, becomes wild with rage. Aimeri comes back from Palestine in the disguise of a pilgrim, as some other stage heroes have done before him. He has apparently profited by his warlike experience, and is ready to fight for anyone against anyone. At the head of the citizens of Rheims he will march to do battle for Philip [illegible] against the Emperor of Otho, which [illegible] murderer to single combat, challenges his [illegible] to confound Garin, who stabs himself; while Aischa, after betraying her husband's guilt, sucks poison from a ring, her last words being to [illegible] Garin that she hates him. Aimeri [illegible] wife his own cousin Sept Saulx, and he takes to Mount-Sully as Garin, &c. The cast included Mlle. Favart as Aimeri, M. Maubant as the Baron, Mlle. Dudlay as Aischa, Mlle. Favart as Aimeri's mother, and Mlle. Reichemberg as Alix.

DRAMATIC.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS made their first bow before an English audience at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday, July 12, and met with a most flattering welcome from a large audience, who were greatly amused and applauded frequently during the performance of "The Brook."

JAMES MIDDLETON of the Royal Original Marionettes, and for years in the theatrical profession, died July 6 in England.

THE COURT THEATRE, London, closed July 17 with Mme. Modjeska's sixty-third consecutive appearance in "Heartsease."

THE FLYING-DANCER.—Ariel, who is playing in the Eden Theatre, Brussels, is thus spoken of by the Correspondent of *The* (London) *Era*: "On the same evening Ariel, the flying-dancer, made her first appearance with great success, apparently floating in mid-air. It is said that this lady and her sister, Miss Æneа, at the Chatelet, Paris, have the right to perform this feat in Europe, having secured patents in the various countries. At any rate, the performances of a rival entertainer at the Alhambra have been stopped by an injunction. Ariel's appearance takes place in the ballet 'Les Faunes,' by O. Metra, arranged by M. Espinosa, who was ballet-master at Drury Lane under the E. T. Smith's management. The effect of the white gauzy costumes, designed by Grevin, especially when illuminated by floats with red glasses, is highly picturesque; but the probability is that, if the scene were changed from Brussels to London, the Lord Chamberlain would intervene."

AMERICANS (?) ABROAD.—Charles E. Verner, supported by the Misses Clara Henderson and Florence Richmond and "a strong dramatic company direct from America," were to have produced "Dr. Clyde" in the Queen's Operetta-house, Liverpool, Eng., July 26.

SARAH BERNHARDT began an engagement in the Park Theatre, Brussels, July 15, acting Frou-Frou.

BAKER AND FARRON began their first engagement in Liverpool, Eng., July 20, in the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

From India.

Col. Ike Austin, formerly of the Austin Brothers, sharpshooters, writes to THE CLIPPER from Bombay, India, June 25, that he has entirely recovered from all the ill effects of his having attempted to take his life while suffering from a sunstroke. He has left Dave Carson's troupe, and, aided by his wife, has been giving entertainments in the Gaiety Theatre there. He was to have left June 28 to perform his feats before the King of Eoroda and his court, by special command. He has engagements to perform before eight Indian Princes, and these respectively will occupy his time for about three months. After their conclusion he intends visiting China, Japan and Australia, returning hither by the way of San Francisco. He confirms the report in Mr. Arthur's letter of the rupture in Dave Carson's company..... John Wilson's Circus had a very prosperous season, and was to have left for Colombo, Ceylon, July 1..... The Stanley Opera Troupe are in Bombay, idle, owing to the severe illness of Miss Hector.

MUSICAL.

"LE TORREADOR," a one-act comic opera by Adolphe Adam, was recently first performed at the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels, Belgium. Its slight story may be told in these few words: Don Belflor, a retired bull-fighter, though married to Caroline, is not too faithful or devoted to her. This circumstance favors the plans of Tracolin, who, to get a tete-a-tete with his former love, makes an assignation for Don Belflor with a dansense of the Opera. The Don leaves his wife on the pretence of a meeting of members of his profession, thus leaving the field clear for his rival, who arranges with Caroline to inform her of all that has passed between her husband and the dancer by means of preconcerted airs on his flute. While the bull-fighter enters by the door, Tracolin departs over the wall to gain information of his little games. Presently, while Don Belflor is recounting what has passed at the meeting, his wife hears the promised airs on the flute, and, pretending to consult the cards, tells him just what he has been up to and what she thinks of him, to his utter discomfiture.

VARIETY HALLS.

CANFIELD AND BOOKER, their wives, and the three Lamont Brothers sailed from Liverpool July 18 in the steamship Illinois for America.

THE RICHMOND SISTERS were to have opened in the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, July 19.

THE GARETTAS had closed an engagement in the Eden Theatre, Brussels.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

WHAT THEY THINK OF OUR MINSTREL BOYS IN ENGLAND.—English newspapers are not prone to review the performances of strangers with that haste which is a characteristic of American journalism; hence little had been said in *The Era* concerning the merits of George Thatcher, Johnson and Powers, and E. M. Hall, who had been playing for some weeks with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, until its issue of July 18, when the following verdict was recorded:

While Mr. Moore, Walter Howard, and several of the most popular artists of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels are appearing at the Standard Theatre, an opportunity is afforded to the frequenters of St. James' Hall of hearing some extremely eccentric and original performers. Messrs. Thatcher, Johnson, Powers and Hall are comedians who would be welcome anywhere, and their reception by the audience of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels was quite enthusiastic, and appears to increase in cordiality with each performance. E. M. Hall has made an extraordinary hit with his banjo-playing. He may be called the Paganini of the banjo, for never before have we heard that instrument manipulated in such an artistic style. There is a kind of fantastic poesy in the way Mr. Hall plays the banjo. He makes the instrument produce both pathetic and humorous effects of the most novel kind, and in his principal solo, a sort of caricature of Thalberg's variations on the popular melody "Home, Sweet Home," Mr. Hall introduced some of the most original passages we have ever heard upon the banjo, or any other instrument. Keeping the melody all the time, he played an accompaniment on the other strings, and showing variations full of difficulties. Scales, chromatic passages, startling intervals, extending over several octaves, chords, shakes—in fact, every kind of musical effect to be obtained by a skilful pianist or violinist can be produced by Mr. Hall; and one of the most remarkable features of the solo was a variation in which the air was played with a *tremolo* effect while it was accompanied with chords. Mr. Hall has evidently decided genius for music, and we fancy he could become a master of almost any other instrumental; but, seeing what amusing, extraordinary and original playing he introduces on the banjo, one could hardly wish him to change. The rule against encores was obliged to be set aside, so delighted were the visitors with his solo. Mr. George Thatcher is a comedian with a particularly dry way of saying funny things. One of his most successful songs was a whimsicality called "Willie Monstrose," though why "Willie Montrose" more than any other name it would puzzle the most scientific philosopher to discover. This personage, whoever he was, is supposed to have been one of the original "Pirates of Pensance," and one of his peculiarities was the habitual wearing of "lavender pants." This hero with the "lavender pants" seems to have been ubiquitous, for no matter who may have done anything absurd or unusual, it is always said to be "Willie Montrose." As a bit of eccentricity well calculated to raise a laugh the ditty serves its purpose completely, and Mr. Thatcher was compelled to repeat it—or, rather, to add a few more stanzas, after the fashion of the topical songs we have so frequently heard in burlesques. In the second part of the entertainment George Thatcher "spoke a piece" of a wildly grotesque kind, and recited a "pathetic ballad," the pathos of which was greeted with roars of laughter. The same artist also greatly amused the audience with droll stories and eccentric anecdotes, all related in that quaint way which we have learned to associate with American examples of drollery. The faculty of saying the most absurd things, and presenting the most unexpected and incongruous images without the change of a feature, causes some of the oddities to be all the more entertaining. We may add that Mr. Hall, besides his banjo-playing, is a comic vocalist of much originality. Besides the comic efforts of Messrs. Thatcher and Hall, we must not omit to mention in terms of hearty praise the very laughable song and dance of Johnson and Powers. This was called "The Darky Ball," and was extremely comic. The dances given between each verse seemed to include every contortion possible to the human anatomy, and the grotesque postures and attitudes struck so rapidly that it was difficult for the eye to keep pace with the feet of the performers. This was another immense success, and the imitation of a boxing-match by the same artists was received with the wildest mirth.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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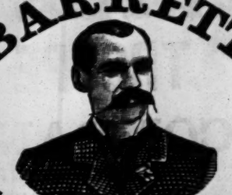

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